

The Black Cat



MARCH 1907

When the Scales Settled L. K. Devendorf

The House that Jill Built Don Mark Lemon

Why Pay-day was Late Irving Williams

The Evolution of the Tulip \$100 Prize B. R. Caffile

Ferguson's Beat F. B. Bennett

The Little Brown Bird Jessie Morelle

Price 5 Cents

Vol. XII., No. 3. Whole No. 123. Copyright, 1907,
by The Shortstory Publishing Company.

LN



*Forecast ~
Always*

FAIR™

*for the
faces
that use*

For the Toilet ~

HAND

~ For the Bath

SAPOLIO



I'm a gay little Geisha,
The brightest in Asia,
My mission it is to amuse;
The charm of my dancing
Is simply entrancing—
You cannot resist if you
choose.

*Should you seek of this Dancer
Her Magic, she'd answer:
"My Secret is Sorosis Shoes."*

The dainty slipper in which the Daughter of the Orient dances herself into the hearts of all bears the same stamp of perfection as that worn by her fashionable Occidental sister. Sorosis is the Perfect Shoe for All Nations, All Climates, All Occasions, and All Conditions. It's the Standard Footwear the world over, and, while it is made in styles and prices to suit every taste and purse, the Quality is always the same. It fully meets the requirements of both sexes and all ages.

Sold at Sorosis stores and departments in leading cities of the world, as follows:

New York	New Haven	Buffalo	Milwaukee	San Francisco	Glasgow	Cape Town
Brooklyn	Hartford	Chicago	St. Paul	Los Angeles	Edinburgh	Christiana
Philadelphia	Providence	Detroit	Kansas City	London	Bahia	Copenhagen
Pittsburg	Albany	Cincinnati	St. Louis	Liverpool	Berlin	Honnin
Washington	Troy	Tulsa	Denver	Manchester	Frankfurt a. M.	Harare
Baltimore	Syracuse	Cleveland	Omaha	Birmingham	Hamburg	
Boston	Rochester	Minneapolis	Seattle	Hull	Vicenza	



Antiques



¶ As the Oldest House in its line in America, we are in the best position to supply the Right Thing at the Right Price.

¶ Genuine Old Mahogany Furniture, gathered from far and near by experienced, appreciative hands, including

High Post Bedsteads
Colonial Clocks
Highboys, Dressers
Tables, Chairs
China Closets
Wardrobes, etc., etc.

¶ Rare and interesting articles in Old Crockery, China, Glass, Iron, Brass, Pewter and Plate.

¶ Lovers of Genuine Antiques residing at a distance from Boston will do well to correspond with us or authorize some New England friend to make selections for them from our stock.

¶ No catalogues.

C McCarthy
OLDEST HOUSE IN AMERICA
C McCarthy

482 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.



Can You Write a Story?

Nothing Pays Like Success in Writing Fiction—1c. to 5c. a Word. We sell stories, plays and book MSS. on commission; we criticize and revise them, and tell

you where to sell them. **Story Writing and Journalism** taught by mail. Our students sell their MSS. Send for our free booklet, "Writing for Profit"; tells how and gives the proof. Endorsed by leading newspapers, magazines, and book-publishers. **Thornton West, Editor-in-Chief. Founded, 1895.**

THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION, 68 The Baldwin, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

AUTHORS Limited number of manuscripts carefully criticized for beginners and for advanced writers by an editor who has been on four of the big magazines and written for the best monthlies. Active editors as references. Write for free booklet. **Bureau of Literary Criticism, 308 W. 112 St., N.Y.**

SONGS Pub'd On ROYALTY
By New York's BIG MUSIC FIRM. NO CHARGE FOR WRITING MUSIC.
North American Music Co., Dept. C, 59 W. 25th St., New York.

TYPEWRITING

Why pay exorbitant rates? Will furnish **TWO** copies any Ms. (correcting all errors) for 5 cents per hundred words. Address **Britton, Room 5, 835 Broadway, N. Y.**



I TEACH SIGN PAINTING

Show tard Writing or Lettering by mail and guarantee success. Only field not overworked. My instruction is unequalled because practical, personal and thorough. Easy terms. Write for large catalogues.

Chas. J. Strong, Pres.
DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING
Dept. 24, Detroit, Mich.
"Oldest and Largest School of its Kind"



JOURNALISM

Taught by Mail. The original school. 14th year. Big demand for writers. We develop, train, instruct. We get results. Our teachers themselves successful editors. Practical work from the start. Individual instruction. **Easy Payment Plan.** Particulars free.

The Sprague Correspondence School of Journalism.
278 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Writer's Red Book

A handy guide to success for young authors. Tells how to prepare manuscript; how standard stories are written; has key plan which classifies the magazines and indicates the particular classes of matter required by each; enables the writer to determine to what magazine his story or sketch is best suited and tells how to market it. Contains complete classified lists of all the principal publications and manuscript buyers in this country and England. Send ten cents in stamps for a copy to

NATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE
26-52 Second National Bank Building, Washington, D. C.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

We absolutely guarantee to teach shorthand complete in only thirty days. You can learn in spare time in your own home, no matter where you live. No need to spend months as with old systems. Boyl's Syllabic System is easy to learn—easy to write—easy to read. Simple. Practical. Speedy. Sure. No ruled lines—no positions—no shading as in other systems. No long list of word signs to confuse. Only nine characters to learn and you have the entire English language at your absolute command.

The best system for stenographers, private secretaries, newspaper reporters and railroad men. Lawyers, ministers, teachers, physicians, literary folk and business men and women may now learn shorthand for their own use. Does not take continual daily practice as with other systems. Our graduates hold high grade positions everywhere. Send to-day for booklets, free—monthly, etc.

CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
925 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.



Do you want a better salary?
LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS
Successful graduates with big concerns everywhere. Taught thoroughly by mail. Beautiful prospectus free on request. Address: **PAGE-DAVIS COMPANY**
Dept. 223, 90 Wabash Ave., Chicago

TO BE GIVEN AWAY

THE **SWASTIKA**

50,000 LOVELY GIFTS

A Beautiful SOLID SILVER Swastika Pin, the ancient and mystical symbol of "GOOD LUCK," will be given FREE with each yearly subscription to

THE SWASTIKA "A MAGAZINE OF TRIUMPH" (Published Monthly)



Edited by Dr. Alexander J. McIvor-Tyndall
New Thought Editor of the Denver Sunday Post
Circulation 80,000

Devoted to the Message of Truth and Individuality
SPECIAL features are Health Hints, Personal Problems, Psychological Experiences, New Thought, Metaphysics, Psychic Science, Spiritual Philosophy, and some well-known writers, among whom are: Yoko Simada, Japanese Philosopher; Grant Wallace, Grace M. Brown, Dr. Geo. W. Carey, Margaret McIvor-Tyndall, George Edwin Burnell, Baba Bharati, the Hindu Sage, and others.

One Dollar per Year Ten cents per Copy
TRIAL SUBSCRIPTION, 4 Months, 25c. SEND YOUR ORDER NOW TO
THE SWASTIKA MAGAZINE, Dept. B. C.
Wahlgreen Publishing Co., 1742-48 Stout St., Denver, Colo.
Or, to Dr. McIvor-Tyndall, The Abbey Hotel, Denver, Colo.

WRITERS

We sell Stories, Poems, Jokes, Illustrations, Designs,
and all publishable material on Commission

If you can produce salable work we know who wants it and who will pay best prices for it. We can save you time and money in the disposal of your Productions by our careful system. Our plan is explained in our booklet "Cash Returns" sent to any address for four cents.



The Burell Syndicate, 750 Gramercy Bldg., N. Y. City

ARTISTS



BE AN ILLUSTRATOR

Learn to draw for newspapers and magazines. We will teach you by correspondence. The oldest and most thorough school in the world. Catalog sent free.

SCHOOL OF ILLUSTRATION

Founded by F. Holme

OFFICE 25, 90 WABASH, CHICAGO.



IF WE TEACH YOU TO DRAW

You can earn \$20 to \$50 per week, and upwards. All branches of drawing successfully taught by correspondence. PRACTICAL and PERSONAL instruction. Successful students everywhere.

Large '07 Catalog FREE. WRITE

SCHOOL OF APPLIED ART

6-11 First Arts Bldg., BATTLE CREEK, MICH.



SONG

POEMS WANTED: We compose Real Melodies. We set Real Arrangements. Our patrons say we do better work than any concern advertising to-day. Send us, for specimen of our work and be convinced. Bay State Music Co., Uphams Corner, Boston, Mass.

WRITE for Money

WE PLACE YOUR STORIES FREE

We teach you by mail to write the kind of stories that editors want, and we charge you nothing for helping to place your work. Write for our practical plan.

PAGE-DAVIS SCHOOL
Dept. 225, 90 Wabash Ave., Chicago

Authors' Agency.

Send stamp for Booklet C to

Wm. A. Dresser, Garrison Hall, BOSTON, MASS.
Mention The Black Cat.



SHORT STORIES

Bring high prices. Thousands of good stories which might easily be made salable, make up the great mass of "rejected manuscripts." Our School of Journalism, in charge of successful authors, criticizes, corrects and revises, as well as teaches how to write. Write for booklet.

NAT'L CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTE

96-51 34th St. Bklyn Bldg., Washington, D. C.

IF YOU ARE A WRITER

We can aid you to find a market for anything you write.

MSS. SUCCESSFULLY PLACED.

Criticized, Revised, Typewritten.

References: Edwin Markham, Margaret E. Sangster, and others. Established 1890. Send for leaflet E.

UNITED LITERARY PRESS 123 5th AVE. NEW YORK.

SONG POEMS WANTED, also

Musical Compositions. We pay Royalty, Publish and Popularize. We Compose and Arrange melody FREE of charge. GEO. JABERG MUSIC CO. 160 W. 7th St., Cincinnati, O.

WRITE A for us to-day. It may be worth

SONG THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS

HAYES MUSIC COMPANY

14 Star Building - Chicago

SONG-POEMS

and musical manuscript arranged. Publication secured. Cash or royalty if available.

Wainwright Music Co., 78-35 Evergreen Ave., Chicago

SEND YOUR SONG POEMS TO ME

I will write the music and present to Big N.Y. Publishers. I made a fortune writing songs; my experience will aid you. My songs "Blue Bell" and "Way Down in My Heart" achieved world-wide fame. Write to-day for Free Booklet EDWARD MADDEN, 45 Madden Bldg., New York

SONG WRITERS

Send us your poems. We compose the music. Simple songs often make great hits. Estab. 36 years.

GROOM MUSIC CO.
4 Steinway Hall, - Chicago

Short Stories Wanted!

We market all good short stories written by our students. One such will pay for the whole course. Send for catalogue. (Instruction by mail only.)

INTERCONTINENTAL UNIVERSITY
1110-1114 14th Street, Washington, D. C.

SONGS AND MUSIC

PUBLISHED ON ROYALTY.

We pay you one-half the profits. Poems revised, Music composed to words. Copyright secured in your name, if desired. Send Manuscript, which will be returned if not available.

POPULAR MUSIC CO., (Inc.) 348 Enterprise Bldg., CHICAGO

To You Who Write!

This little chat is for writers. If you write, or if you have an itching to write, we want to talk to you. We know some things about writing that may interest you, and we shall try to put them in such a chatty form that you will forget you are reading an advertisement until we break in solemnly and ask, "Good morning! Have you subscribed for *THE EDITOR*?"

Lots of authors have. Not so many years ago we entered a subscription from a man out in California. We had never seen his name in the magazines, but we had faith in him, as we have in all honest workers. One day we found a story of his in a magazine, and presently another, and another, till we came to look for them regularly. We were immensely pleased at his success, and down in one corner of our heart we were egotistically certain that our magazine had been one of its factors. We never dared voice our belief, it is true, but we cherished it for our own satisfaction. One morning, in our mail, we found a letter from him. "When I subscribed," he wrote, "I had a goodly file of my manuscripts laid away. Through your help I have disposed of the major portion." It was signed in that great scrawling hand so many editors know—"Jack London."

If you want to follow the trail blazed by Mr. London, you should go about it by studying the profession. We pride ourselves on the fact that *THE EDITOR* is a pretty good, live text-book. It is a mighty poor sort of a teacher, you know, who never sees an educational journal; new methods and systems are cropping out constantly. No doctor dares get behind in his profession. And no writer—we leave this to you—likes to send a manuscript to a magazine that suspended a few months ago; nor allow an article to go unread that may cover just the peg on which his or her rejections cling. The writer wants hints, helps,—as many of them as possible; everybody does. Just at this moment we cannot recall a magazine that better meets this want than *THE EDITOR*.

How to Judge Literary Bureaus

When you get a glittering prospectus from a company that promises to make you an author of world-wide reputation, ask yourself these questions:

1. Have the men who form the bureau ever written anything themselves?
2. Have they had years of experience in the work of criticizing and revising?
3. Have they ever accomplished anything for authors?
4. Has the bureau any standing among editors and publishers?

Now, after you have drawn the blue pencil through the glittering generalities of their statements, study our reasons for believing we are warranted in expecting and deserving your patronage.

1. Not an editor in our employ is an editor clone; every man has written and published his own stories in high-class magazines; every man has published his own books through the best houses in America.

2. *THE EDITOR LITERARY BUREAU* has been before the public for over twelve years.

The Editor

LESLIE W. QUIRK, Editor

"FOR PEOPLE WHO WRITE"
IT PUBLISHES:

Practical articles by prominent authors
Articles on story writing—Articles on essay writing
Articles on verification
Articles on marketing manuscripts
Hints on preparing manuscripts
Notes from editors stating needs
Notices of all new publications
Notices of all accepted publications
Notices of all timely editorial needs
Lists of magazines that want manuscripts
Complete monthly report on literary markets
Answers to literary queries, departments, etc.

Also conducts literary bureau under direct supervision of Leslie W. Quirk, in which is offered expert criticism on manuscripts, advice as to strengthening, correcting, revising, mastery of technique, etc., together with a list of magazine, syndicate, or newspaper markets for which each is best adapted. Established 1905.

During the whole period of its existence it has handled more work than any other, and has passed upon matter that later appeared in the very best magazines and between the covers of the books of the very best publishing houses.

3. By criticism and market advice, it has enabled its patrons to sell work submitted to it to all the worth-while American magazines—Century, Harper's, McClure's, S. E. Post, Ladies' Home Journal, Cosmopolitan, Red Book, etc., etc. Its patrons won the three capital prizes and the majority of others in the last Black Cat contest.

4. It is recommended by such authors as Jack London, J. L. Harbour, Edward S. Ellis, etc., etc., and by such editors as those of Munsey's, Success, Lippincott's, Atlantic, W. H. Companion, and, of course, by all publications to which it has directed salable work.

We invite comparisons with the so-called "syndicates," "agents," "schools," etc.

AN OFFER OF FREE CRITICISM

You are interested in writing, else you would not have read to this point.

THE EDITOR is the best journal of information for literary workers that is published, else it would not be read by more writers than all the similar publications in the world put together. Every author of note and every editor knows and recommends it.

Susan Keating Glaspell, one of the cardinal prize winners in the last *Black Cat* contest, says: "I study *THE EDITOR* carefully every month; any one who attempts to write short stories would be very short sighted to try to get along without it."

Isn't it worth a dollar a year just to have the very latest, the most intimate information about prize contests? Isn't it worth that much to have a monthly report on all the papers, syndicates and magazines that purchase manuscripts? Isn't it worth that much to read a half dozen or more articles each month on essay and poem and story writing, and on essay and poem and story selling, to say nothing of the clever verse, the answers to any literary questions you may care to ask, and the editorial inspiration?

You don't need to answer these questions; we know the answers.

We are going to invite you to join us, and if you refuse you can go off in a corner and sulk by yourself while your literary friends read *THE EDITOR* and get into print. We think this invitation will put you on our books, however, for it is simply this: Send us one dollar for a full year's subscription, and with it—not afterwards, mind you!—one prose manuscript of less than 2,000 words, and we will give the frankest, bluntest, most helpful criticism you ever read, including comments on each of the following topics: appearance of manuscript, title, minor points, unity, proportion, characters, style, plot, general report and advice, with list, if salable, of from six to ten newspaper, syndicate, or magazine markets which seem probable purchasers. This service, at the regular rates of our Literary Bureau, would ordinarily cost you one dollar by itself. If your manuscript exceeds 2,000 words, and is under 5,000, add fifty cents to your remittance. *The offer is to new subscribers only.* If you are already a subscriber, send us *your friend's* subscription and your manuscript, or mail our offer to some writer who needs us.

There is just one condition—you must clip and return this invitation, and you must send in your dollar and your manuscript under one enclosure.

Well?

EDITOR LITERARY BUREAU, 150 Nassau St., New York City

Best Sheet Music

New, Popular Standard and Classical Sheet Music. Full size, Best Paper, Hand some printing. Any of the 600 music named below sent postpaid for 10¢. Our large catalog contains over a thousand others equally good for 10¢ per copy.

INSTRUMENTAL: Nearer My God, etc. (Variations); Old Black Joe (Variations); Patriotic Medley (National Air); Plantation Melodica (Southern Air); Chicago Express March (Easy); Jingle Bells (Sleighing Piece for Children); Sacred Song Medley (Very Beautiful); Flowers of Spring (Very Beautiful); Mocking Bird (Variations); Scottish Ballads Waitress (Very Popular); Moon Kisses Three Step (Best Yet).

SONGS: Beyond the Gates of Paradise; Every Girl Should Have a Beau; Where the Sweet Kentucky Flows; There's Only One Sweetheart for Me; Promise That You'll be True; Grandmother's Love Letters.

Beautiful Pictures Free

In order to get our catalog to every one who plays or sings, we will send to any person ordering sheet music from this advertisement, who will send us in addition the names of ten musical people (to whom we will send our catalog free) a handsome five-color picture, size 10x14 inches. These pictures are suitable for framing and would ornament any parlor; they are genuine works of art. Your choice of the following pictures:

THE CAPTIVE, an oriental scene, with a royal Bengal tiger as the title subject; rich in coloring and action—**ARAB BOOZE**, another oriental, a mounted Arab, showing intensity and strength of life in both man and Arab steed—**CARNIVAL**, an exquisite color picture portraying the beauty of nature, three handsome women, flowers, foliage, forest and water—**THE FOUNTAIN TELLER**, a medieval scene of much human interest—**THE CARPENTER'S SON**, (sacred) a beautiful picture showing the young Christ as a worker at a carpenter's bench—**CHRISTMAS**, a riot of color in dainty natural grouping.

Enclosed 10 cents for each piece of music wanted.
McKinley Music Co. 112 Patton Bldg., Chicago
 150 Fifth Ave., New York



Good Piano Tuners Earn \$5 to \$15 per day

We can teach you quickly BY MAIL. The new scientific Tune-a-Phone method endorsed by highest authorities. Knowledge of music not necessary. Write for free booklet.

NILES BRYANT SCHOOL, 99 Music Hall, Battle Creek, Mich.

SINGING VOICE CULTURE FREE

Taught by Correspondence. Send for handsome booklet on Illinois Conservatory, 105 Lake side Bldg., Chicago

PLAYS FOR Amateurs



The largest stock in the U.S. Our Free Catalogue includes Plays, Recitations, Dialogues, Hand-Books, etc.
THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY
 910 Arch Street, Philadelphia



Magic Tricks

8 good tricks, complete apparatus, full directions, etc. Illustrated catalog of all kinds of

Magical Apparatus Free
BAILEY & TRIFF CO.,
 Box 418 • • • Cambridgeport, Mass.

Astrology

Prof. John Dix

Fellow of the Society of Sciences,
 Letters and Arts of London, England.

A Trial Reading will be furnished without charge to any responsible person who will enclose stamp for reply and give Birth date.

Prof. John Dix,

Dept. 13, Lock Box 3216,
 Boston, Mass.

Thinkers Only

Astrology is as much a Science as Astronomy. Have your Horoscope calculated by an expert. We have started many on their road to success and we know we can help you. Your Horoscope will show you what you are best fitted for and tell you when to make a change. Many business men use our charts and advice constantly with great success. As a test of our ability we will send you a trial Horoscope for 25¢ if you will give us exact time, date and place of your birth. We will also send free our valuable little Booklet on Astrology. Write to-day, **AMERICAN ASTROLOGICAL ASSOCIATION** Dept. 15 - 6928 Stewart Avenue, Chicago



CORNET FREE

We teach by mail and give you this beautiful cornet **ABSOLUTELY FREE**. The lessons come to you by mail weekly, and can be studied in your spare time, and are yours to refer to always; no knowledge of music necessary; we have hundreds of satisfied pupils from 8 to 80 years of age, from all parts of the country. Don't say you cannot learn but send for our booklet and tuition offer. Address **INTERNATIONAL CORNET SCHOOL** 68 MUSIC HALL, BOSTON, MASS.

VENTRILOQUISM

Learned by any Man or Boy at home. Small cost. Send to-day 2-cent stamp for particulars and proof. O. A. SMITH, Room 306, 2046 Knoxville Ave., FARGO, N.D.

BE AN ACTOR AN ACTRESS OR ORATOR

Best paying profession in the world. Engagements secured when qualified. Write for Free Booklet on elocution and dramatic art by correspondence. **CHICAGO SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION**, 111 Chicago Opera House Building, Chicago.



FROM PAUL DE KOCK



FROM DUMAS



FROM SHAKESPEARE

Less Than HALF-PRICE

Goods Sent on Approval Money After Examination
EASY PAYMENTS IF DESIRED

Only a Limited Number of Sets—Less Than a Dozen of Some

For twelve years I have been selling my books at wholesale, direct from the factory, to dealers and large book stores. I own my own bindery—one of the largest in the country—now I shall deal directly with the PUBLIC. On account of the failure of three large publishing houses and my arrangements with others I have, temporarily, the following bargains at the most unheard of prices. No money until you can satisfy yourself that you are getting the GREATEST BOOK BARGAIN EVER OFFERED.

FREE!! A \$3.00 De Luxe Set of EUGENE FIELD'S WORKS sent FREE OF COST with each sale.

It is a condition of all accepted orders that I deliver prepaid, for examination, books numbers of which are marked in the coupon, at special clearance prices. It is understood that no payment need be made until 30 days after delivery.

DE LUXE EDITIONS	ORDER BY NUMBER	NOTE THE PRICES	Regular Retail Price	Special Clearance Price	DE LUXE EDITIONS	ORDER BY NUMBER	NOTE THE PRICES	Regular Retail Price	Special Clearance Price
Works of Eugene Field	4 Vols. Ribbed Cloth		\$3.00	Free	Eugene Sue	14 Vols. Buckram (Black class de luxe binding, 10,000 sets, 48 full page illustrations, large type wide margins)		\$42.00	\$12.75
Oriental Tales and Arabian Nights	15 Vols. Cloth		\$150.00	\$44.25	PEPYS DIARY	4 Vols. 1/2 Pers. Mor		\$27.00	\$11.50
Laurence Sterne	4 Vols. Cloth		\$25.50	\$8.75	SMOLLETT	6 Vols. 1/2 Pers. Mor		\$27.50	\$13.50
Fielding	6 Vols. Cloth		\$27.50	\$8.75	TOLSTOI	12 Vols. Cloth		\$30.00	\$12.00
Defoe	8 Vols. Cloth		\$30.00	\$12.00	Prescott	12 Vols. Cloth		\$35.00	\$15.00
Bulzac	12 Vols. 1/2 Pers. Mor		\$75.00	\$35.00	Carlyle	10 Vols. Cloth		\$75.00	\$35.00
Cooper	12 Vols. 1/2 Pers. Mor		\$48.00	\$22.00	Dumas	10 Vols. Cloth		\$75.00	\$35.00
Thackeray	10 Vols. 1/2 Pers. Mor		\$40.00	\$18.00	Paul de Kock	25 Vols. Buckram (Black class de luxe binding, 10,000 sets, 48 full page illustrations, large type wide margins)		\$100.00	\$35.00
Elton	10 Vols. 1/2 Pers. Mor		\$40.00	\$18.00	Stevenson	10 Vols. 1/2 Pers. Mor		\$40.00	\$18.00
Charles Reade	12 Vols. 1/2 Pers. Mor		\$60.00	\$25.00	Shakespeare	20 Vols. 1/2 Pers. Mor		\$85.00	\$35.00
Emerson	8 Vols. 1/2 Pers. Mor		\$27.00	\$11.50	Scott	24 Vols. 1/2 Pers. Mor		\$75.00	\$35.00
Gibbon's Rome	6 Vols. 1/2 Pers. Mor		\$35.00	\$18.00					
Plutarch's Lives	5 Vols. 1/2 Pers. Mor		\$25.00	\$12.00					
Dickens	20 Vols. Cloth		\$150.00	\$44.25					

SPECIAL: A 16 vol. ed. of KIPLING, gold tops, gold stamped back, bound in cloth, large, clear type, handy volumes.

FREE WITH EVERY PURCHASE OF \$50.00 OR OVER.

All books are sent charges prepaid, subject to 30 days' approval. Right is reserved to decline all orders when limited editions are exhausted. CLINTON T. BRINARD.

On orders amounting to less than \$25.00 from outside west of the Mississippi River, ten per cent additional will be charged to cover extra transportation. I agree to pay for some books, if satisfactory, on credit to 30 days, and 40% monthly thereafter, on such terms as will be specified in the order. If the books are not satisfactory, I will notify you within ten days of receipt of books, in which case they may be returned at the expense of the customer. CLINTON T. BRINARD, Catalogue of Bargains Free.



Write your address plainly and Mail this Coupon TO-DAY.

Clinton T. Brinard, 432 Fifth Av., N. Y. City.

Please send me the following Nos. of the sets in accordance with conditions stated above.....

Signature.....

Occupation.....

Business Address.....

City and State.....

Residence Address.....

Delivery Books at.....

Oriental

Tales

and

Arabian

Nights

31 YEARS OF SUCCESS

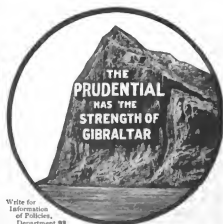
The Prudential

Foremost in Public Usefulness, Security and Public Confidence

• **THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL STATEMENT, JANUARY 1, 1907, SHOWS:**

Assets, over	-	-	-	-	-	127 Million Dollars
Liabilities (including Reserve over \$103,000,000) nearly	-	-	-	-	-	107 Million Dollars
Capital Stock,	-	-	-	-	-	2 Million Dollars
Surplus (largely for ultimate payment of dividends to Policyholders), over	-	-	-	-	-	18 Million Dollars
Increase in Assets, nearly	-	-	-	-	-	20 Million Dollars
Paid Policyholders during 1906, over	-	-	-	-	-	16 Million Dollars
Increase in Amount Paid Policyholders 1906 over 1905, over	-	-	-	-	-	2 Million Dollars
Total Payments to Policyholders to Dec. 31, 1906, over	-	-	-	-	-	123 Million Dollars
Cash Dividends and other Concessions not stipulated in original contracts and voluntarily given to holders of old policies to date, nearly	-	-	-	-	-	7½ Million Dollars
Loans to Policyholders on security of their Policies, nearly	-	-	-	-	-	5 Million Dollars
Number of Policies in Force, nearly	-	-	-	-	-	7 Million
Net Increase in Insurance in Force, over	-	-	-	-	-	82 Million Dollars

Bringing Total Amount of Insurance in Force to over
One Billion, Two Hundred and Fifty Million Dollars.



Write for
 Information
 of Policies,
 Department 88

The Year's Record Shows:
 Efficient, Economical Administration.
 Increased Payments to Policyholders for
 Death Claims and Dividends.
 Large Saving in Expenses.
 Lower Expense Rate than Ever Before.
 Reduction of Expense Rate in Industrial
 Department nearly 3½% of
 Premium Income.
 Favorable Mortality Experience.
 The Business Operations of The Prudential
 are confined to the United States and
 strictly limited to selected lives.

Dividends to Policyholders during 1906 over	-	-	-	-	-	\$1,250,000
Dividends payable to Policyholders during 1907 nearly	-	-	-	-	-	\$1,700,000

Many letters from Policyholders receiving Dividends demonstrate that the results more than meet the expectations of the Insured.

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE CO. OF AMERICA

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President

Home Office, Newark, N. J.

For Every \$100 of Liabilities The Prudential has \$119 of Securely Invested Assets

The Black Cat

A Monthly Magazine of Original Short Stories.

Copyright, 1907, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

Vol. XII., No. 6.
Whole No., 122.

MARCH, 1907.

6 cents a copy.
50 cents a year.

Entered at the Post-Office at Boston, Mass., as second-class matter.

THE BLACK CAT is devoted exclusively to original, unusual, fascinating stories—every number is complete in itself. It publishes no serials, translations, borrowings, or stealings. It pays nothing for the name or reputation of a writer, but the highest price on record for *Stories that are Stories*, and it pays not according to length, but according to strength. To receive attention, manuscripts must be sent unrolled, fully prepaid, and accompanied by addressed and stamped envelope for return. All MSS. are received and returned at their writers' risk.

CAUTION.—*The entire contents of THE BLACK CAT are protected by copyright, and publishers everywhere are cautioned against reproducing any of the stories, either wholly or in part.*

When the Scales Settled.*

BY L. K. DEVENDORF.



FOR two hours the snow had beaten steadily on to my face. The warmth of my skin had melted it, and little streams of water had fallen on the heavy fur about my neck, and frozen there. I no longer guided the pony, but let her take her own course, as I could see but a few rods ahead of me. There was nothing but snow; and a few scattered bunches of timber were the only break against the cutting wind.

I had no idea of direction, having lost my bearings when we both fell, miles back on the trail. My legs were numb to the hips, and I only kept my fingers from freezing by occasionally taking off my gloves, and holding my fingers in my mouth. As night came on, it grew colder, and as we climbed higher up the side of the mountain it seemed to take hold of me more and more. I found the snow getting deeper and finer. The pony sometimes sank deep enough to cover my knees with snow. She would stop for breath, and then, with lowered head, plunge on again. I knew she could not hold out much longer. She would turn her head back toward me, and mutely seem to say, "How much longer?"

* Copyright, 1907, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. Copyright secured in Great Britain. All rights reserved.

The last time I dismounted, to give the poor "buckskin" a rest. I had barely strength enough left to climb back into the saddle. I knew better than to attempt this again.

I judged it must be about six o'clock, and I knew that night was not far off. I knew, too, that with the coming darkness, its increasing cold, and the pony's waning vitality I would have to spend what little remaining strength I had in efforts to keep warm. Then there was the sleep that was already creeping over me. This would be a fight in itself.

A fire was out of the question. Anything that would burn was buried deep beneath the snow. My small "grub-pack" was lost when the pony and I rolled off the bank. I had not missed it, until we had gone, as near as I could guess, three miles.

At a time like this a man thinks of the foolishness of it all. When I thought of my errand — and the paltry few hundred which was to be the reward if I succeeded and the reward if I failed — I drew my head deeper into the icy collar, and swore. Then I thought of the Company that sent me — their selfishness, and my own selfishness, too. It was about an even thing. They thought only of capturing a man who had had the boldness to "stand up" three messengers in an express car, and make them open a safe and deliver to him — well they never told just how much. It must have been a good, tidy sum, or they would not have insisted that the man could be found and brought in, before the winter broke up.

An express robbery in the winter was a new thing in Wyoming. A chase for the man was as big a novelty. The Company was banking on the fact that a posse starting out in the winter would attract attention. It could be seen a long time before they could get to the game. One man could do much better. He could keep under cover, and if he couldn't get the fugitive he could at least locate his man.

Two days after the job had been done, I took up the trail where the man had left the express car, or about the place, for no trail remained. The falling snow had completely covered all the "signs". I was now in the evening of the second day of the hunt. Up to this time I had thought of nothing else except getting the man. I had some professional reputation, and this, I felt, was

at stake. I might add that a few hundred dollars had been something of an incentive. But as I rode on and on, the pony stumbling, the cold biting, the wind, loaded with a thousand particles of blinding snow, stinging me, with no food, and with night scarcely half an hour off, I began to realize my position. I fumbled about in the pockets of my fur coat for a pipe and tobacco. I tried to fill the pipe, but my fingers were too cold. The wind blew the tobacco in my eyes, and I realized that my job was not entirely the pursuit of the man, but that I had small chance of getting out myself.

Once more the pony stumbled and went down upon her knees, and I pitched over her head into the snow. When I tried to climb back into the saddle she pulled off to one side. I followed her, she jerked her head, and the reins slipped out of my hands. The "buckskin" started on ahead of me through the snow. I plunged on after her, falling now and then, stumbling, half-blinded, and cursing those I had been foolish enough to listen to. I finally managed to overtake the mare, and get a good hold of the saddle girth. I saw that she had lost her bridle.

The cold was fierce. It stung the inside of my nose every breath I took. I knew that motion, constant motion, was the only hope I had. The pony would lift her frost-covered nostrils, shake her yellow head, and snort to relieve the stinging sensation I knew she felt. Many times she stopped, but I urged her on and swore at her. She didn't seem to wander, but apparently kept on in a line as near as I could tell. It was now quite dark, but it was something of a relief from the glare of the snow. I thought of the time when the pony would stop and refuse to go on. I knew I could not last much longer than she, and then what was left? I was growing drowsy — I knew what that meant.

I heard nothing but a pounding in my ears. I was conscious of the motion of the mare, and that was about all. Many times I fell, but my wrist was firmly caught between the pony's side and the saddle girth. When I fell, she would stop, wait until I had struggled to my feet, and then go on. I mumbled no longer at her, but kept to her side, and she half dragged me, waiting, stopping, and then going on, as I recovered my balance. Thus I hung to her for what seemed hours. When I moved my bones ached,

and it was a relief from the pain to stay for a moment where I fell. My face felt like hardened putty, and I knew that I was getting to the end of my rope. There was no feeling in my hand or arm that stuck beneath the saddle girth. My head seemed about ready to burst, and I saw nothing that I could distinguish, except countless specks of light which whirled about before my eyes. Something pulled heavily at my feet and I could not drag them. I was partially sensible of the pony's stopping again. I waited for her to move but she did not start. I felt my legs give way under me, and then the sensation of falling — would I never stop falling? I remember now, as I am telling this, how very light my body felt. I seemed to be floating in the air, when suddenly something hard hit the back of my head, then there was a flash of light. I vaguely remember a man's voice, but it seemed far away; then all was dark.

When I opened my eyes again I was looking into a fire of logs. My head was splitting with pain, and I tried to raise my hand, but I was tightly wrapped in blankets. My eyes wandered around to the edge of the fireplace. There sat a man staring at me; his head bent, and his hands folded between his knees. I tried to speak, but found that I could scarcely whisper. When he saw that I had my eyes open and looking at him, he came over toward me, knelt down and pulled the blankets away from my face, and turned my head toward the fire. Looking into my eyes he muttered something like:

"I guess you're coming all right, old man."

He poured something into a cup, raised my head, and I drank. I tried to speak again but was too sleepy.

When I awoke, the sun was shining in my face, and the man was still sitting where I first saw him. I moved slightly, and I found I was not so sore. My head was easier, and I looked around the room. I tried to remember where I had left off, and where I was now. The room was very poorly furnished; just the bare necessities, and scarcely those. Two saddles were piled in a corner. A small sheet-iron stove, the large fireplace, a table, some cooking utensils, and a small cupboard completed the inventory. Two guns stood in a corner, one of which I recognized as my own. Several blankets lay around me on the floor.

Turning my eyes once more toward the man, I saw that he was asleep. His chin was upon his breast, and he breathed heavily, like a man in a tired sleep. His height must have been fully six feet two or three. He had the shoulders and chest of an athlete, thick, yellow hair, and a heavy mustache of the same color. A blanket had been wrapped about him, but it had fallen down around his waist. As I watched him in his sleep, it slowly dawned upon me that I either knew him or had at least seen him before. Where or when I could not think. I moved about in the blankets, and the man awoke. He looked at me a moment with eyes as big and as blue as a woman's, and then said:

"Well, pardner, how are you coming on?"

"Good!" I whispered, and started a volley of questions at him.

"Now, hold on, my boy," he said, raising his hand. "You will have plenty of time to talk. I will do most of it, for a while at least; you have done enough talking in the last three days to last you for some time." I had been there three days then. "How would you like a little hot soup?" he asked, and not waiting for my reply, brought me a tin cup of steaming soup that tasted better than anything I had ever had in my life.

The big blue eyes fascinated me and I watched him as he moved about the room. Stopping now and then he would stare at me, and then come over to my side and look closely into my face. His eyebrows would contract and then he would shake his head. Many times during the day he repeated this. Thus the day passed — I sleeping, from time to time, and he feeding me the soup. Several times he gave me a small drink of whisky, and as I felt its warmth through my body, I tried to talk, but it was not until sundown that he allowed me to say anything, except in reply to his short questions.

When the room grew dark, he piled the logs on the fire, drew up a box by my side, sat down upon it, lighted his pipe and said: "I suppose you would like to know where you are, and who is entertaining you?" Without noticing my attempt to answer him he continued:

"Three nights ago you stumbled against my door, and I took you in. I wouldn't have given much for your chance then, but you are on the mend now, and coming all right. I don't know as I

should have all the credit for it. You ought to be pretty good to that buckskin mare the rest of her days. She knew of the only shack on the mountain, too. It might surprise you to know that I owned her once, and that she has made the same trip many times. You don't want to forget that pony, and the man — well it's only human to forget the man. You came up into these mountains for something, and you made a hard fight to get what you came after. We'll suppose, for the want of a better reason, you came after a man. A man you never saw — a man you never knew. A man who was no more to you than one of those logs in the fire. But some folks wanted that man and they were willing to pay a price for him. They made it an object for you to try to follow him through the snow. He looked like big game to you, and they talked you into the belief that you could get him. They used your pride as a means to get you to consent. We will say you found him — say you found him in the snow. Though he was freezing, he fought against going back with you — you were strong and warm, and had the advantage of him — and perhaps you might have to shoot him before it was all over. Would you do it? Would you do it because you were strong and he was weak — and the law was on your side — to say nothing of the several hundred 'hung up' for his capture, or proof of his being 'put away'? Would you do it, I say?"

The brows contracted until they seemed white against his tanned face. He leaned toward me, and the blue eyes lost their softness as they stared into mine. Outside the wind was blowing a gale. I could hear the timber sway and crack, and I thought of the night I spent in getting to the shack. This man took me in, and saved what little life there was left in me. He was the man that I was trying to run to cover, for, long before he had finished, I knew who was talking to me.

For the first time I heard the sound of horses' feet stamping on soft beds of leaves or earth. The sound came through the partition of the shack. The man in the meantime had arisen from his seat, and without waiting for my reply, walked out through a door I had not noticed before. I could hear him talking to the horses. When he came back he resumed. I tried to interrupt him, but he would not listen.

"Suppose, on the other hand," he said, looking squarely into my eyes — and there seemed to be no change of tone in his voice. It was always that same soft voice — the voice of earnestness and conviction, though so penetrating and low that it seemed to be a part of the storm. "Suppose *you* were the game this man was after, and you found him — well, found him with but a spark of life in him — and you knew him — knew he was after you. Suppose you came across him when he was helpless. Would you fan the spark into life again, or would you stamp it out? Suppose you found him as I found you, three nights ago. What would you do? Don't answer yet. I am not ready for the answer. What would you do, knowing that, when he was well again, it was only to be a fight for his life — or your own? Would you let him 'snuff out' — let nature finish what she had started? Would you think that Fate was playing into your hands, when the means of removing an obstacle to your freedom only consisted in shutting the door? Though you might be as guilty as Hell, would you take the chance that I took?"

Far into the night he talked. Many times I started to answer him, but he always stopped me. He talked to me of his past — his school days, then college, then the bank. Fast company, gambling, small borrowings from the bank, always expecting to return them, — with the natural result. His leaving the East, knocking about in mining camps, "cow punching," "cattle rustling." It was the same old story — the story of many a man in the West to-day. At last he found every man's hand turned against him. Here was his refuge — this shack in the timber — far away from those who had put a price upon him.

At last he came to the point:

"A week from to-day," he said, "You will be ready to travel. You are about seventy miles from Cheyenne. The buckskin mare is in the stable. At sunrise on that day, you will find her saddled in front of the shack. You will also find your gun with her. If, on that day, you still want me to go with you to Cheyenne, you will find me under those two pine trees which stand to the left of the trail, as it bears to the right around the little bare knoll. There we'll settle it — man to man. If you want to go alone, turn

to the right, and keep on down the creek bottom, and I will show you the trail out."

He arose from the chair, walked over toward the fireplace, and lighted his pipe. He turned to me, puffing the clouds of smoke away from him, and said: "We will not speak of this again. That day you can give me your answer."

I stayed in my blankets two days. On the third I felt that I could move around, and told him so. With his help, I stood up and walked about the room. My legs were unsteady and sore, but I felt better.

I noticed now that the two guns which all of this time had been standing in the corner were gone. I also noticed that the man wore a "Colt's" at his hip; I could guess the reason for this.

The days rolled on and I gained strength fast. We spent the time talking and playing cards. We took turns cooking and caring for the horses. The buckskin looked but little the worse for her hard trip. His horse was a fine-built animal, large, and well proportioned.

When I got so that I could go out into the air, I had a chance to look about. The shack was built of logs, and almost completely hidden by the timber. Built against the east end was a lower part, the stable. A man could pass within a hundred feet of the shack and miss it altogether.

It was a carefully planned place, and looked as if it might have been built several years. There were only three windows. At each there were heavy plank shutters. These were on the inside, and he closed them every night. He dropped a heavy piece of timber in a pair of crotches that were nailed on each side of the opening. As I looked the place over I became convinced of its solidity. Here a man or two could put up a good fight against big odds. I saw the adaptability of the place from the man's standpoint. Every day I put on my heavy coat and walked about among the trees. I was gaining strength fast. In all of my little wanderings I was never out of the man's sight. He either walked about with me or led one of the horses where I could be plainly seen. I knew of what he was thinking, and never gave him any chance to suspect that I had any intention of leaving before the time he had set.

One night we were seated before the fireplace when a timber wolf barked. The man arose, walked toward the door, and listened. We had heard them many times before, but this one seemed nearer. Again the bark, this time still nearer the shack. The man went over to the fireplace, picked up a burning splinter, went to a window, pulled back the shutter and waited. The wolf barked again, and the man flashed a glowing stick in front of the window for a second, and then closed it. He turned to me and said:

"I will have to ask you to get into your blankets, turn your face to the wall, and wait until I ask you to turn around again."

I did as he asked.

I heard him open the door, and a man walked in. The stranger started to speak, when the man spoke to him in a low tone. From his speech, I judged him to be either a half-breed or an Indian.

The man took off his coat, removed a pair of snowshoes and walked up to the fire. When he had warmed himself they walked to the farther side of the room and began to talk. The stranger's voice would rise above a whisper and the man would silence him. Twice he walked nearly to my side and I knew he was looking me over. I did not move. They continued to talk, but the stranger was becoming more excited. I could occasionally catch a word of their conversation. From what I heard, I knew they were discussing me.

"Curly, you damn fool," I heard the stranger say.

"Yes, I've been all of that for years" he replied.

"Mebbe he no so sick he seems. Mebbe some day he stick gun in your face and say, 'Curly; you come Chy'an'."

"Well, that may be so, Joe, but I won't have any one to blame but myself," answered the man.

"I tell you, Curly, you make big meestake. I can fix him if you 'fraid to do it, Curly."

The stranger moved nearer to my side. I knew his intention. I knew my weakened condition, and how little chance I stood, but I had faith in the man and I waited.

"Joe, keep off" he said. He no longer spoke in a low tone, but loud enough for me to hear.

"I've made up my mind about this thing, and it's going to be done as I say. It may not be as you would do it, but it's going to

be done just the same. Put that up and be quick about it or I'll have to take it away from you. You're too excited. If you want to mix it up with him when I get through with him, you will probably be given the chance. No doubt he could find some reason for wanting you to go to Cheyenne. Come on, put it up now."

I heard them shuffling about and they moved over toward the door. The Indian put on his coat in silence and then fastened on his snowshoes. The door opened.

"Good night, Joe" I heard the man say.

"Good night, Curly" and then with a parting "Curly, you're a damn fool" the door closed and the stranger was gone.

"Curly" came back and sat down by the fire.

"You can turn around now," he said.

He sat for some time looking into the blaze. I did not say anything, but waited. He turned to me after a few minutes silence and said :

"An Indian is an uncompromising cuss. Sometimes they reason, but it is not by intent, it is only involuntarily. Once they get a notion in their head, it's hard to change it. Joe is all right, but he's notional. It's pretty cold outside these days and you had better stick fairly close to the shack. Joe hunts around these parts occasionally, and when he gets his eye on his game he generally gets it. Do you understand?" he asked. I replied that I did.

The few remaining days slipped by. Joe was not seen again.

The morning came at last on which I was to give my answer. We were both up and stirring at daylight.

The sun came up and the day dawned cold and clear. We ate our breakfast in silence. When we finished he walked out into the stable. I picked up what few things I had. I could hear him in the stable talking to the horses. After a time he came back.

"Wheeler," he said, "You know what's coming off to-day. I mean to keep my word with you. There's no use denying I've had a few days, the last few, that have been pleasant to me. There were things on my mind that I had to speak of. You seemed to be the man who had to listen to them. I don't know your intentions. I don't know how you feel towards me. I don't ask your sympathy. This is a serious matter for us both. I

don't ask for any quarter, and as for you — well, you can't expect any. I am not going back to Cheyenne with you — alive. I've known for a long time that it was up to me to die with my boots on. This may be the time, but I don't regret it any, for I've been expecting it. A man in my business takes these chances. I tell you frankly, Wheeler, I am going to shoot to kill. Ten minutes after I leave, you take the "buckskin" and hit the trail down the mountain. You'll find me close to the two pines. You know the rest.

"The first move you make to come towards the pines after you get to where the trail turns to go down the creek bottom, I will begin shooting. We stand towards each other, now, as we did before the night I took you in. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand, Curly," but before we start there are a few things I have to say to you. We will disregard the finish of this matter long enough for me to say that what you have done for me is enough in itself to make any man sick of his job. To make him feel so small, so much of a cur, that —"

"Nonsense, Wheeler," he interrupted. "You're talking like a coward. If that's all you have to say, I'm going to start. You'll find everything on the pony that you brought up here. Start in ten minutes."

He left me standing by the window and went into the stable. In a moment I heard the horses breaking through the crust. They stopped before the door and then he went on. I knew he had left the "buckskin." When I went out, I found her as I expected. My Winchester was in its sheepskin case. I took it out and by its weight I knew the magazine was full. My mind was made up. I climbed on the pony's back, turned in my saddle and took one good look at the shack, and started on down the trail. The pony sniffed the air and we followed the tracks in the crust.

When I came out of the timber, I saw the two pines. To the right of them lay the unbroken trail down through the creek bottom.

Beneath the trees stood Curly. His bearskin overcoat lay before him on the snow. His right hand was bare and clasped above the lever of his Winchester. His left held the barrel half way down its length. When we came nearer his horse whinnied

and the "buckskin" pricked up her ears and quickened into a little trot. She headed straight toward the pines. The man raised the muzzle of his gun a trifle, and I realized he was a "hip shooter" — a trick common among the cattle men of the southwest. My gun was still across the horn of my saddle. I pulled the mare sharply to the right and "bolted" her just at the turn of the trail.

He stood there like some great animal ready to spring. Outlined against the glistening white background of snow, was the game for which I had risked my life. He was scarcely two hundred feet away. Near enough for me to see that peculiar whitening of his eyebrows as they contracted over his blue eyes.

Alert, ready, waiting for a move from me that would indicate my intention, stood the man whom I was to get. So utterly unmindful of the result of the meeting, so unconcerned as to which one failed, that he still had his left arm through the bridle rein.

"Curly," I called, "I am going to Cheyenne — alone. Show me the way."



The House That Jill Built.*

BY DON MARK LEMON.



It came gyrating around the corner on its rim, carried along by a dusty gust of April wind, and as it swerved by me, seemingly with the instinct of a live thing seeking to get out of my way, I made a grab for the little old derby and succeeded in gaining a squashed hold upon it. As I was knocking some of the dust from the crown its owner came around the corner, whipt along by a second dusty gust of weather, and espying the hat safe in my hands he hurried forward with an expression compounded of vexation and relief.

"Ah!" he cried, coming to a dramatic pause before me:

*'The man that will not chase another's hat
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.'*"

Giving the derby a final brush around its rim, I was about to return it to its ingenuous owner when a large placard pasted inside the crown caught my eye and, before I was aware of the fact, I had read the following singular sentence:

"Thou shalt not take unto thee for a wife a woman who invents things."

I looked up in astonishment and, catching the little man's eye fastened upon me, murmured an apology.

"Don't mention it, sir. It's big print and you could scarcely help noticing it. Yes, my friend, grapple this advice to heart: Beware of the woman who invents things." He received his hat, placed it on his head, and then fell into step beside me. "Does your wife invent things?" he asked.

"I am not married," I explained.

He gave me a look of incredulous wonder, that ran into envy. "That's so, all men aren't married," he reflected. Then he

* Copyright, 1907, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. Copyright secured in Great Britain. All rights reserved.

looked up and added, "Ah, well, you're young yet, and many things can happen to you before you die."

"Yes," I nodded, at a loss just how to take my new-found companion.

"Have you ever heard of Kant?" he asked.

"The great German philosopher?"

"Yes. Well, I believe he takes as the starting point of his immortal philosophy the dictum, *I am*. Now, I add a third word, and start off with, *I am married*, and necessarily I arrive at a quite different philosophy of things."

"Ah," I smiled.

"Quite different! But I will not bother you with any dissertation on things as they seem: I wish merely to advise you never to marry a woman who invents things."

"You have married such a lady—unfortunately?" I sympathized.

"Three."

I stared incredulously, then severely.

"Don't mistake me!" he exclaimed: "I am not a bigamist. My first wife was scalded to death by an ingenious water-heater which she had all but perfected. My second wife was asphyxiated by her wonderful automatic gas hair-curler. My present wife—" he did not finish his sentence but removing his hat, gazed at the placard pasted in the crown, and then, taking out his handkerchief, dusted the derby thoughtfully.

It was the noon hour, and as we were opposite a café I invited him in to lunch.

"You seem not to have taken your own advice," I remarked over the oysters.

"No, not yet. But if circumstances are such that I shall ever again marry, I assure you I shall act with cumulative wisdom."

"For the lady's sake, let us hope that nothing unpleasant will happen," I said.

He shook his head as he dipped an oyster into his sauce. "I do not wish to see any harm befall her, but I fear if she continues to live in the house that Jill built something unhappy will come of it."

"The house that Jill built?"

He gave me the look of a child that thinks everyone must know what it is talking about.

"Yes, the house that Jill built."

"And Jill?"

"Why, she's my wife! She built the house herself. That is, she invented it and had it built after her own designs. She certainly is a genius," he added, with a faint glow of pride.

"A woman invent a whole dwelling house!" I exclaimed. "I'd like to see it."

"Yes, Jill invented it all herself, and it's got Patent Applied For stamped over the entrance. She is somewhere in the city now, starting a company. I saw her on the street, but she was too busy to stop. Then my hat blew off and I had to follow."

There was a naïveté about the man that disarmed contempt, and when he invited me to come out some evening and see the house that Jill had built I gladly accepted his invitation.

I took a Saturday evening for my purpose and found the address after a single inquiry of a suburban urchin, who volunteered the information that Mr. Patent Applied For lived at the address, as that was the "name" over the door. The house stood apart at the end of the street, and while of only a story-and-a-half, it was substantially built and architecturally pleasing.

I found my late acquaintance at home, and he greeted me in an enthusiastic yet subdued manner. "Hush!" he whispered. "Jill is in her room thinking, and we mustn't be noisy!" He spoke as if we were boys, or rather as if his wife were a dynamite cap that would burst with the slightest jar. "See," he said, directing my eyes every way at once by a sweeping motion of his hands, "'tis a very pretty interior, and one could hardly believe that such an artistic place is fire-proof, flood-proof, earthquake-proof, lightning-proof, and" — he sunk his voice to a back-stair whisper — "tax-proof!"

"Tax-proof!" I exclaimed. "You don't say?"

"I do! That is, Jill says so, and while she hasn't explained to me just how it is tax-proof, she has promised to do so, and when she does I'll show you."

It was indeed a rather pretty interior for a house so protected against the violences of nature, and my host remained silent while

I admired the tasteful entry-way. Finally, he could contain himself no longer, and exclaimed: "You must see all over the house. It's small, but it's a model of comfort, convenience and security! That is," he added hastily, "see everywhere but in Jill's room. I never was in there!"

My interest and curiosity were now thoroughly aroused and I followed the little man about, delighted with his delight, which seemed no longer dashed by any regret at having an inventive genius for a wife, and satisfied in my own mind that "Jill" had ability of no common order.

I found the house to be protected from lightning by a number of highly improved telescopic rods; built with a water-tight double flooring; arteried with pipes that in case of fire would automatically fill the building with a fire-extinguishing gas; and the whole remarkable structure set upon powerful sleeping-car springs that would distribute and make harmless the violent shock of an earthquake or an explosion.

"You should hear Jill talk!" the man exclaimed. "She'd tell you how folks sit in patented chairs at patented tables and read patent journals by patented lights, yet are so unenlightened as to live in any kind of a house, while, if there is one thing in the world important enough to be brought to a state of patentable perfection, it is the home. Why, after hearing her talk on the subject for just five minutes, a friend of mine said that he felt like a primordial man living in a cave."

"You should be proud of your wife," I assured him; "and instead of fearing that something serious will result from her inventions, rather feel yourself doubly secure while sheltered behind the bright shield of her practical genius."

"It's the tax-proof-cyclone-proof arrangement that worries me," he explained. "She won't show me how it is worked, and I've pressed every button I can find and got myself in a world of trouble, but I can't come across that tax-cyclone button. I wonder what would happen if I should discover it and press it," he mused.

"You might prefer to pay taxes," I laughed.

He shook his head in a kind of good-naturedly ill-nature and I saw his eyes roam around as in search of some secret button. As we passed the third door on the left of the hallway, he paused

and whispered, "That is it! That is Jill's room! She's in there thinking now, and she never comes out till some bright idea comes out with her." He stooped and applied his eye to the key-hole, then suddenly straightened up. "Why, she's gone out! I say, let's hunt together for that cyclone-tax button."

I waved aside the astonishing proposition. "You go first," I laughed, "and I won't follow. Your wife's business may be yours, but it's no part mine."

"You're right," he assented. "Something unpleasant might happen and then I'd be sorry for having got you into trouble. Come, I'll show you the Patent Applied For over the door, and I guess you'll just have time to get the next car back to the city."

As I walked down the road in the dusk meditating on the House that Jill built and its strange inmates, I suddenly began to doubt the reality of Jill. Perhaps the little man was himself the inventor of the patented house and had fabricated "Jill" as an advertising scheme, or else as a kind of silent partner on whom he might shift any unpleasant responsibilities. Or, perhaps, too close application to his invention had unbalanced him and given rise to this queer hallucination.

Yet the man was as guileless as a boy of ten, with none of the cunning of insanity, and, wondering if the patented house might not prove a pretty big thing after all, I paused and looked back, a little vain of my experience.

Had I found myself suddenly on the other side of the earth I could not have been more astonished. *The House that Jill built was gone!*

A moment later I was running breathlessly back down the road. Once I came to a standstill and hesitated mentally. Had there been any such place as the house that Jill built? Might I not have merely imagined it? Which of our experiences is so vivid as not under certain conditions to seem a dream—a fantastic shadow thrown upon some inner consciousness? But my feet seemed to scorn the wild doubt in my brain and resumed their race down the road.

Bringing up directly before the plot of ground where the house that Jill built had been standing only a few moments before, I found merely a stretch of uncared-for lawn.

I stared before me in deepening wonder, then wheeled about, morbidly fearful lest the house, like some unpleasant dead thing, was hiding at my back. But the house that Jill built was indeed gone! A kind of painful humor seized me and I laughed queerly. "He's pressed the tax-button, I guess!"

Suddenly I was conscious of voices. They seemed to come from nowhere, indistinct at first, but as I listened attentively they soon resolved into the sound of a dispute.

"You did!" "I did not!" "You did! How dare you dispute Me!"

"But, my love, I did not! I was under the table when I butted my head against the button."

"What were you doing under the table?"

"My love, it would not avail me to lie, and though it would I could not do so gracefully in your presence. I was hunting for the tax-cyclone button."

"You found it!"

"Yes, my love!" There was a note of humiliated triumph in the familiar voice. "But had I known you were in the house, I would not have entered your room unbidden."

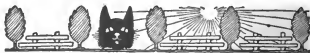
"Stand aside!"

I had but a moment longer to wonder from whence the voices came, then my brain seemed to reel as the center of the lawn before me stirred and out of the earth, lighted by a score of incandescent lights and with all its shades open, arose the House that Jill built.

Stealing around to the side of the structure I saw my late host standing humbly in the presence of a magnificent red-haired woman, fully six feet in stature.

"The next time, sir, that you let this house into the cyclone cellar, I shall shut you in with it till I plant another lawn on the roof. Be warned in time!"

With a fixed mental picture of the dramatic scene, and no longer doubting the reality of "Jill," I turned and strode away.



Why Pay-day Was Late.*

BY IRVING WILLIAMS.



“WAS a fool to try it,” the man muttered as he dragged himself to his feet, glanced over his dripping clothes, and then grimly at the whirling torrent from which he had escaped.

Suddenly, with nervous fingers, he fumbled—about his waist. An expression of relief followed the inspection, and he began to walk rapidly down the stream, keeping as close as possible to the banks which confined the yellow turmoil, and pushing his way through the brush and undergrowth with a sturdy disregard for scratches.

At brief intervals he stepped down to the water's edge and peered out into the tumbling flood. His solicitude, it could be seen, was for a small brown object that bobbed bravely along in the water, constantly approaching. As the man stopped to look he would whistle cheerily, a call evidently intelligible to the brown object, which would then bob higher above the water and make better progress.

At a sharp bend in the stream a large stretch of quiet water circled slowly just inside the swift current which hugged the farther bank. Into this quieter body of water the brown object was fortunate enough to struggle, and then good headway was made towards the shore. The man stationed himself at the spot where the landing would be made, and soon his companion in peril, a strong bay mare, splashed wearily ashore and joined her master with a little “whicker” of recognition and sympathy.

Wet and mud-stained, the pair made their way through the undergrowth until they reached more open ground, when the man vaulted into the saddle and a brisk canter brought them to the road by which they had been travelling until they reached the flood-swollen creek and their overthrow.

* Copyright, 1907, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. Copyright secured in Great Britain. All rights reserved.

Accepting the impracticability of continuing his journey, the man turned his horse's head on the back track. The road was a lonely mud trail through unfenced woods, such as is common to lumber regions in the South. No tracks showed on its rain-washed surface but those of his own horse, made a short time before on the journey out.

Although darkness closed in rapidly the horse jogged along with the surety of a thorough knowledge of the way. The man sat easily in the saddle. Milcs had passed without change in the nature of the surroundings nor a word of command to the horse when, without warning, the animal gave a fierce snort of fright and sprang far to the side of the road. The man, almost unseated, recovered his balance immediately and without further ado threw himself flat against the horse's neck and dug in the spurs. At a bound the steed regained the road and took the course at full speed.

Two riders emerged from the forest into the road. Each carried a rifle and as they came into the half-light of the path's clearing one threw his piece to his shoulder, aiming at the fast disappearing rider.

"Don't shoot, you fool!" growled the other. "It may be someone else."

"What's the difference?" snapped the man, with his cheek to the gunstock, but he lowered the weapon as he spoke.

After a brief conference they turned their horses to follow the single rider at a leisurely pace.

At a late hour a hatless and bedraggled horseman guided a winded mount as quietly as possible through the muddy streets of a straggling Arkansas railroad village. There was caution in his every movement. When he reached a certain stable door he opened it slowly to keep the hinges from complaining. When he emerged a few moments later, having cared for his horse, he was as regardful of the hinges. He tiptoed as noiselessly as heavy, water-soaked boots would permit, across the back porch of the house that occupied the same lot with the barn. With the same caution he unlocked the door and let himself into the house. He passed through the rooms, peering about intently, seemingly to make sure that he was the only person under that roof.

Completing his careful inspection, he set his lamp on a little cupboard washstand in the only bedroom the house afforded and began to prepare for bed.

"I'd give a pretty penny to know for-sure what it was Dolly shied at. Must have been a hog," he soliloquized. "If it had been any of the Reed gang they'd 'a' sure shot."

But he did not seem quite able to convince himself, for he kept returning to his explanation. "Couldn't have been anything but a hog," he told the reflection in the little mirror over the washstand. "If it had been any of the Reed gang they'd 'a' known it was me, turned back by the flood, and they'd 'a' sure shot."

"Just so nobody knows I was driven back I'm safe enough here for the night, but I'd hate to be caught in this corner without a gun." He put his hand mechanically to his hip pocket as he had done a hundred times since his escape from the stream; but the "gun" was gone beyond all chance of doubt.

His preparations for bed were brief, consisting of throwing off his coat and pulling off his boots, socks and trousers. Setting the lamp, with flame turned low, so that the light would not show on the window curtains, he turned in without removing his underclothing, though it was still wet. Before retiring, however, he again fumbled about his waist with the same nervous anxiety he had exhibited on the brink of the flood and readjusted some bulky object that showed its outline under his shirt, completely encircling his body.

He had slept for some time when, his senses alert to every suspicious sound, he was wide awake and listening.

Unmistakably the creak of cautious footsteps could be heard in the room below. He listened, tense and staring. His caller made slow progress. Certain progress, though, it was, and towards the stairway leading to the hall into which his room opened. Following any unusually insistent complaint on the part of the flooring, all sound would cease for a minute or more. Then, reassured, it would begin again.

The man, half sitting in the bed, stared wildly before him, but without seeing. His whole sense was hearing. Perspiration stood beaded on his face and hands. He was filled with fear natural to the defenceless and cornered quarry.

But waiting was not to be tolerated by a man of his disposition to action. He cautiously crawled from the bed and stood looking about the dimly lighted room, selecting the most promising weapon of defence. There was not much to choose from—a light, cane-seated chair, a water pitcher and wash bowl, the wash-stand and his boots, besides the lamp. These appeared to be all that was available—not very effective against firearms.

Wait! Besides these there was one more object, but so insignificant—a small bottle of red ink. This last, however, caught his eye and, with almost a trace of amusement in expression, he quickly pulled a fat money belt from about his waist beneath his shirt, rumbled up the bed clothing and thrust the belt under the mattress.

He next made his way carefully and quietly to the stand and secured the ink bottle, on the way noiselessly turning the chair on its side and pulling the curtain back as he passed the window, exposing the half-open sash. A broken pane of glass luckily added to the general appearance of disarray he plainly desired to produce. After placing the wash bowl upturned on the floor, taking the pitcher from the stand, disarranging the towel that had been spread neatly across it, he took one further satisfied glance about the room.

Carefully then he stretched himself in the middle of the floor, opened the bottle of ink and poured some of its crimson contents on his breast and throat and across his forehead just below the hair. The rest he poured on the floor near his head and neck and then tucked the bottle under his shirt where it would not be seen. He rumbled his underclothing to make it appear to have been pulled aside by the tearing away of the money belt, and finally lay with head thrown back and eyes fixed on the ceiling, and waited. It was a bold bit of acting. Would it work?

He did not have long to wait, for, although he had made his preparations as rapidly as possible, consistent with silence, he had hardly completed the tableau setting before he heard muffled whispers at the door. There was, then, more than one caller. They were deciding on the mode of entrance. The door was a light one, offering but slight obstruction to a strong man. Though aware of this they apparently hesitated before taking so noisy a

method. Carefully the knob was turned, but only to confirm what they must have expected—that the door was locked.

Another interval of silence and then, yielding to a quick pressure from a broad shoulder, the lock snapped with a sharp report and a man sprang into the room holding a revolver. He did not stop until his feet almost touched the prostrate body on the floor. In the dim light he made it out and shrank back to the door with an oath.

"What is it, Al?" came in a whisper from the dark of the hall.

"Someone has been here before us," was the answer, as another man joined him in the doorway. For a moment the two stood staring in disappointed rage at the red-splotched object on the floor. They took in the signs of struggle and the open window through which a murderer and robber might have entered and made his escape.

"Ain't that hell?" and the other assented that it was.

"We've got no business hanging around here, and the quicker we cut out the better. The other fellow got the ten thousand, but we stand a good chance to get the rope."

This was sound reasoning, and a few moments later the callers were riding away more hurriedly than they had come.

And that is how pay-day with Landers' Milling Company happened to be one day late in the month of March, 1903.



The Evolution of the Tulip.*

BY B. R. CARLISLE.



ALTHOUGH the sun had still an hour's work to do in Haarlem before its nightly retirement, the evening meal had been some time completed in the Van Puffenblow household. That would be expected by all who knew Mynheer Van Puffenblow, for within his family circle the traditional early bird was revered as solemnly as was the sacred cat with the Egyptian. Being as phlegmatic as his Holland birth and breeding required, the tragic joke on the early worm had never appealed to him. Therefore it was not surprising that every room in his substantial residence was adorned by a Dutch rendition of "Early to bed and early to rise, etc.," which, under his instruction, had been laboriously wrought by the slow but industrious fingers of his only daughter.

Now, under the tranquilizing spell of his recently enjoyed repast, Mynheer was placidly occupied with his after-dinner nicotine rites, gazing in the meantime fixedly into space. Gretel, the flaxen-haired daughter of the house, sat close by the open window, casting frequent although furtive glances into the spy outside. Despite the steady click of her needles and her accustomed serenity of mien, all was tumult beneath her silken bodice. For Gretel an eventful hour was rapidly approaching—that hour which transcends all others in the life of the sentimental maiden—the hour of betrothal.

Ever since his first glimpse of Gretel's bright blue stockings trotting up the street, Wouter Van Zandt had been her openly avowed admirer. And it would seem that no condition could be happier. Wouter was a sturdy youth,—the possessor of a physique whose proportions gave promise of rivaling in time even

* Copyright, 1907, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. Copyright secured in Great Britain. All rights reserved. The writer of this story received a cash prize of \$100 in THE BLACK CAT story contest ending October 12, 1904.

the bulky Van Puffenblow himself. Solidity seemed also the definition for his other charms, and mentally his endowments were correspondingly weighty. His infatuation for the Van Puffenblow heiress took the form of a mild persistence rather than passionate enthusiasm. For, in common with many of his townsmen, he had but one enthusiasm—and that was the tulip.

Bulbously, Wouter was a great success. Under his skilful management the few but fertile fields he had inherited blossomed and broadened until at last they adjoined the lands of the rich Van Puffenblow. As an importer of new varieties he was without a competitor and with his business ability and rapidly increasing wealth it is not surprising that many a *goede vrouw* of Haarlem heaved a covetously disappointed sigh as the charms of her buxom daughters failed to attract him. For Wouter was steadfast, and in vain were flaxen strands plaited, voluminous skirts carefully adjusted and neatly turned ankles coyly displayed; his small gray eyes never wandered from the pretty Gretel and, despite their efforts, aspiring damsels reaped naught but indifference. Now the weeks of courtship were ended and to Mynheer Van Puffenblow had been tendered the request for his daughter's plump hand.

Had Gretel been thoroughly a Van Puffenblow the affair would have been quickly and happily concluded. But alas, the breath from an alien clime was now ruffling Cupid's wings and the final decision was still pending. Of course a woman was at the bottom of it, and this probability had caused Gretel's papa some bitter reflection, as he recalled with disgust that from the maternal side a few drops of wild Irish blood had been infused into his usually submissive daughter's veins. This inherited taint was doubtless responsible for her indifference towards the desirable Wouter. The same mischievous spirit of her Irish ancestress had beguiled the hitherto obedient maiden into wild dreams of a certain *Het Wee-Girth*. By the aid of true Hibernian artifices this folly had been concealed from her phlegmatic sire who, while too indulgent to bestow his daughter's unwilling hand, would never countenance an alliance with such a little toy soldier as Lieutenant *Wee-Girth* appeared in his eyes.

So matters stood this summer's eve, and while Gretel looked longingly in her street mirror, hoping to behold the gay soldier

come tripping along, her parent mused upon the unkind fate that supplied his lamented wife with an Irish grandmother.

Presently the face of the mirror was darkened and the needles clicked with renewed energy, for, instead of the dashing lieutenant strutting up the walk the burly form of Van Zandt was stopping at the entrance.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear, has he come for his answer?" thought the girl, and "Welcome, Mynheer," exclaimed the father as the door opened to admit the young tulip grower. With a short-winded snort which closely resembled his host's breathing habits, Van Zandt fairly tumbled into the nearest seat, scarcely glancing in Gretel's direction.

"What is it, my boy? What has overtaken you? Have you seen the devil?" anxiously queried the good old patroon.

"Ah, no devil. Rather has an angel descended upon me," chokingly responded the breathless Wouter. "Listen, Mynheer. You have known of my new cargo of bulbs from the Orient?"

"Yes, boy, yes." By this time Mynheer Van Puffenblow had resumed his pipe, which he had unconsciously removed from his lips at the agitated entrance of his guest. "A fine hyacinth among them, perhaps. Or is it a new species of tulip?"

"Neither, Mynheer. By mine head I tell you it is neither. But see for yourself, Mynheer. Hear first, though, the words of the ship's master. Where this grows, he says, as far as the eyes have sight is a vast sea of green. And as beautiful is this green as the moss on our own trees and the grass about our houses. Then a little later comes the flower. Small and delicate but wonderful. Most wonderful, he says. And this bulb without a name, without a place, has come to me. For me to name and in my fields to grow. Behold it!"

And diving into an inner pair of breeches he produced, after considerable fumbling, a small, brown object which he waved almost wildly under the nose of the now deeply interested old man.

"Ah, my boy, my boy! You will own all Haarlem now," murmured Van Puffenblow, as he critically scrutinized the new discovery.

"And again behold!" exclaimed the excited Wouter, as, snatch-

ing the bulb from the trembling old hands, he carefully removed its outer husk.

What a transformation. The two ponderous Dutchmen fairly capered for joy. Instead of the dull, dark skin of the familiar specimens of hyacinths, tulips and lilies, a shining silvery coat was displayed.

"Life within death. Ah, ah!" fairly groaned Van Puffenblow in his ecstasy. "And what's this?" he almost shouted, sniffing the air. "It is fragrant; even as a bulb. Ah, delectable aroma! Is it so? Or am I dreaming?" he demanded.

The long pipe dropped to the floor, but even its ominous crash was unnoted, so intense was the moment. As the perfume of the bulb penetrated the nostrils of the elder man, Van Zandt seemed ready to explode with joy.

"You smell it. Yes, even you can smell it." He exclaimed rapturously. "I so hoped, but hardly dared expect it."

"Ha, Wouter! Think what it is if it can reach me!" gurgled the old man, rocking back and forwards in his transports of glee. "For years nothing has been strong enough to touch me. Even the sweetest lily goes unnoticed. But now this perfume is different. And what a perfume! It thrills me. It exhilarates me. 'Tis a tonic. I'm treading the air with a longing for food, and again" here his voice broke, he almost sobbed, "it brings sadness, I could weep. My tears flow without my consciousness. Find it a name, my boy, and launch it on the world. Your fortune's secure. You may yet live close to the palace at the Hague."

"Yes, the name," hesitatingly replied Van Zandt. "I'll call it the Green Gretel."

"Bah, boy. Don't be a gander. The name of a weak woman is no name for such as this. Name it the Wouter if you will. But never call as forceful a plant as this the Green Gretel."

"Well, well," retorted the younger man testily. "The name can wait a day or two while we see what happens."

At this interesting juncture Gretel arose and quietly left the room. She had beheld with absorbing interest the enthusiasm of her parent and lover. At the tender suggestion of the Green Gretel an unaccustomed thrill shook her being and she found herself thinking, "How he must love me. To be willing to give my

poor name to this rare and beautiful plant." She became suddenly conscious of an unwonted appreciation of her rotund adorer. For once her Holland ancestry ruled her and the Hibernian grandmother was ignored. Unbidden, the thought of wealth and position at the Hague possessed her. The mental picture was alluring. To be a great lady in the most beautiful city of Holland was an experience only granted to Fortune's favorites. Despite her infatuation for Het Wee-Girth the recollection of his poverty placed him for an instant among the impossibilities. Her father would never consent, but then Het was so delightfully slim and light-footed. His slender waist was the wonder and admiration of all her girl friends. "Well, well," she sighed, she must dismiss this perplexing question or she would lose all the festivities outside. So, smoothing her carefully oiled tresses, she hastened to join some near-by friends, and together they sought the main streets of Haarlem.

It was the Queen's birthday, and the majority of Haarlem's citizens were taking part in the annual merry-makings. The sidewalks were so overcrowded that groups of pedestrians were compelled to promenade the streets, where they were the victims of numerous bands of maskers who frolicked about the city, singing, dancing, and playing pranks. The gay scene was brightened by light and color. The windows of the well-to-do blazed with a prodigal expenditure of candles, and from every housetop floated the tri-color of the Netherlands. Music was heard on all sides and parties of gay soldiers from the garrison at the Hague romped along the streets, their loyalty finding vent in saluting all unprotected women who came in their way. The many restaurants of the little town were filled with Haarlemites who testified their allegiance to their sovereigns by drinking long and deeply to their happiness. And as the cafés grew busier the merry-makers waxed gayer, so as the night went on a stranger would have been deeply impressed with the good Queen's popularity.

Gretel and her comrades strolled along in the dignified manner befitting the upper classes of the town. Amused as she always was by these hilarious demonstrations, the rampant plebeianism of it all antagonized her patriotic sensibilities. Emerging at last into the great square, a crowd of laughing, shouting boys and girls

attracted their attention. "It's something we should see," exclaimed one of her companions, hurrying Gretel towards the centre of the fun. "Oh, a Markenite!" cried another, as they reached the edge of the circle.

An Amazon from the Isle of Marken occupied the open space in the centre of the group. With a proud grin on her stupid face she clumped about in her great wooden shoes, now curtsying to the roaring crowd of spectators, and again executing the few clumsy steps which constituted their island dance. And she was not alone on this impromptu stage. To Gretel's startled, horrified vision a dear, familiar figure was the partner of this peasant woman in her uncouth dance. Lieutenant Wee-Girth, the dapper little dandy, skipped and frisked about the huge Markenite, who, at regular intervals, seized him by his slender waist and whirled him round and round amid shouts of delight from the spectators. Het, with his red, perspiring face, his cap over one ear and sword dangling from his back, presented such a ludicrous appearance that Gretel's friends added their voices to the screams of laughter. But Gretel was silent. Turning quickly away, she begged her companions to take her home, she was too tired to stay away longer. Trembling with mortification and anger she silently retraced her steps. All her rosy dreams of the gallant, polished soldier were dispelled. His beautiful slimness was forgotten and he could only be remembered as the drunken, whirling toy of the disgusting Markenite.

How that night passed with Gretel was never known. Whether her huge feather pillow was drenched with tears from those blue orbs, or quietly pressed in slumber was long a matter of conjecture among the young women of Haarlem. But certain it is that during those nocturnal hours the long deferred decision was made, and before the sun again reached its zenith the heart of Papa Van Puffenblow was gladdened by his child's composed acceptance of the proffered Van Zandt hand and all that was therein.

Nuptial preparations were immediately commenced, but the alliance was horticulturally too important to be greatly hastened. A brilliant advertising scheme occurred to the shrewd Wouter and his prospective father-in-law received it approvingly. So, until the newly acquired bulb could be forced to maturity, the

marriage was postponed. The moon had waned several times when at last the impatient Haarlemmites were bidden to the ceremony which was to unite the two finest gardens of the city. As guest after guest entered the portals of the familiar edifice, expressions of admiration and surprise were heard on all sides. The old church was truly transformed. Banked along its walls were rows of boxes containing a new and wonderful blossom which made the musty atmosphere of the church heavy with a powerful and intoxicating aroma. The chancel likewise was filled with the strange bloom and, when the bride entered, her bouquet was seen to be composed of the same rare exotics, while a single flower was pinned to the groom's coat.

Never did the old church of Haarlem witness a more impressive ceremony and a more deeply impressed assemblage. As the noble pair were made one, every man, woman and child in the well-filled church gave way to bursts of tears. And so contagious was their emotion that a perfect torrent of water gushed from the bride's eyes and falling upon her rich attire hopelessly spotted it. Even the radiant Wouter and Mynheer Van Puffenblow melted at the display of so much genuine feeling and added their contribution to the briny brooklets which purred down the broad main aisle. Such a wave of complete and perfect sympathy had never before swept over this community, and for this reason alone these nuptials should have been emblazoned upon the annals of Haarlem.

In one direction at least the event may be said to have been of permanent interest. In honor of the occasion the newly imported plant received its name. Wouter, the fond Benedict, proudly insisted as at their union it was introduced so it should be named. Time and the English tongue have changed the initial, and now we know it as the onion.



Ferguson's Beat.*

BY F. B. BENNETT.



VERY eye in the courtroom was fixed upon Richard Ferguson, reporter for the *Morning Post*. The young journalist stood facing the judge in silence.

It was the second time in a single day that Ferguson had emerged conspicuously from the ranks of his profession. The first occasion was in the morning when he scored a "beat" for his paper on the conviction of an accused millionaire, the events of whose sensational trial had filled columns of the press for many days. The jury had deliberated for three days and two nights and the defendant's fate had not been decided until the early hours of the morning.

The verdict was sealed and the envelope containing it had been left in the court vault. Yet the judge had read in his morning paper, two hours before he appeared in his chambers, the result of the jury's deliberation, the number of ballots taken, and the way the jurors stood at each vote.

So positive had been the announcement in Ferguson's paper that there was no room for belief that he had made a lucky guess. His report was so accurate that it made the reading of the real verdict a farce. The judge looked sternly at the reporter, whom he had known for years.

"Did you write that article?" asked the court.

"I did, your honor."

"I shall demand a full explanation of you, and perhaps of other persons,"—the judge was severe now—"for there is something radically wrong here. I cannot cite you for contempt until I know more of the case. Do you object to replying to my questions?"

"Not in the least," replied Ferguson, in the best of spirits.

* Copyright, 1907, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. Copyright secured in Great Britain. All rights reserved.

Representatives of the other papers had permitted admiration to take the place of envy and they crowded closer, in anticipation of hearing something interesting. The jury was present, all of the court officers were on hand, and even the night janitor had come, in response to a hasty summons.

"What has occurred this morning," began the judge, slowly, "is an imposition on this tribunal. These twelve gentlemen, pledged to secrecy by their oath, the bailiff in charge of the jury, and the officers who guarded the jury room are under a pall of suspicion.

"In some manner a representative of the press has obtained information from the sacred precincts of the jury room. Some person or persons must be guilty of contempt, if not a more serious charge.

"A point arises here which it has been my fortune never to have encountered personally before. There are limits to the latitude which newspapers can demand. Mr. Ferguson has expressed his willingness to answer truthfully the questions which I shall put to him."

The silence was oppressive, and the crowd surged against the rail, leaning over to catch every word that was uttered.

"Mr. Ferguson," the judge began again, "I know that you did not guess at this verdict?"

"I did not."

"Will you read the marked portion of this newspaper clipping and tell us if these are the words you wrote?"

Ferguson picked up the paper and read: "The first ballot was eight for conviction and four for acquittal; the second ballot was ten for conviction and two for acquittal; the third was the same, and at the fourth Juror Stephenson alone held out against capital punishment. Not until the fifth ballot did the jury agree to send the accused millionaire to the gallows."

"Did you write that?" demanded the judge, leaning far over the bench until he could look squarely into Ferguson's face.

"I did."

"When did you learn of these facts?"

"About 2:25 this morning. I barely had time to reach the office and write it for the last edition of the paper."

"Did any of the jurymen tell you what had transpired in their room?"

"No, your honor."

"Did you contrive to overhear their deliberations and arguments?"

"That would have been impossible through an ante-room and three doors. I did not learn it in that way."

"Did any of the bailiffs give you information?"

"No, sir."

"Did you tamper with the envelope?"

"I did not."

"Who told you, then?"

"No one."

The judge was perplexed. He knew that Ferguson told the truth, and that he was endeavoring to keep the source of his information a secret. Suddenly an inspiration came to him and he smiled because he had not thought of it before.

"Did somebody write you the information?" The court was sure that this would bring the desired result.

"No one wrote it for me," replied Ferguson, "and no human being gave me the information."

A stir went through the courtroom at this announcement and the judge seemed completely baffled.

"Would you so state under oath?"

"Under oath, yes, sir," echoed Ferguson. "No one knew those details at that hour but the jurymen and myself, and I may add that I have not exchanged a word, letter or signal with any of these twelve gentlemen."

The foreman of the jury was called before the bar.

"Mr. Tillotson," said the judge, pointing at Ferguson, "Have you seen this man before?"

"Yes, your honor; during the trial."

"Did you speak or communicate with him since the verdict was agreed upon or sealed?"

"I did not, and I can safely vouch for my colleagues, also."

"Well, then, Mr. Ferguson," said the judge, turning to the reporter, "will you kindly explain how you came into possession of this information?"

"I could refuse to answer on constitutional grounds—on the plea that I might incriminate myself," replied Ferguson. "I will not do that, but I have a favor to ask. May I put to the janitor of the courthouse three questions?"

"Certainly," assented the astonished judge, and he called the janitor before him.

"When did you clean out the jury room?" asked Ferguson.

"As soon as the jury left it—about 2:20 this morning," was the response.

"Where did you empty the waste basket containing the jury's ballot slips?"

"In the alley, sir." The janitor looked apprehensive, as if he feared that he was about to get into trouble.

"Did you see a man out there?"

"I did."

"What did he look like?"

"Very much like you, sir."

"That's all," replied Ferguson triumphantly.



The Little Brown Bird.*

BY JESSIE MORELLE.



'VE done it, Old Woman." He had come through the open door into the dimly-lighted room and was beside her, one hand firmly on her shoulder before she was aware of his presence.

The tense tone of his voice startled her, and instantly she had raised from bending over the sleeping child on the bed and looked into the man's face. Her coal-black eyes looked straight into his. Slowly she put her hands on his shoulders. "You've killed Joe Benson," she said. "Yes, down by the river," he added. "I've been riding like hell, Old Woman."

Her slight figure swayed, her eyes closed and her hands slipped from his shoulders as she sank back on the bed. "You've got to go. You've got to go and leave us,—me and the kids. Oh, John. My God, I can't, I can't stand it."

He sat down beside her and put his arm around her very awkwardly but very firmly. "Yes, I've got to go. They're after me—the whole Lee gang."

She sprang to her feet. Her eyes were large. The awfulness of the situation was suddenly vivid to her, and the necessity of immediate action.

"Did Jim get the horses in the corral?" he asked, rising from the bed. "I want Brownie,—Hanks is played. Have Jim catch her from the bunch."

Immediately she was in the next room, arousing a boy of thirteen years from his sleep. She shook him roughly and spoke close into his ear. "Git up and ketch Brownie from the corral. Pap wants her. Do you hear?"

The boy raised, half dazed, and she pulled him from the bed.

* Copyright, 1907, by The Shortstory Publishing Company. Copyright secured in Great Britain. All rights reserved.

"Listen," and she shook him again. "Pap's done killed Joe Benson and they're after him. Do you hear?"

He did hear. He knew what it meant, and in a few seconds the overalls were drawn on and he was out of the house. When the woman stepped back into the room where she had left her husband he was not there, but his cartridge-belt, filled with cartridges, was on an old bureau which stood in one corner of the room.

She heard him in the kitchen, and as she started to go there he was coming back and asked her to blow out the light. His slicker was on one arm and in the hand he held a cotton flour-sack in which were a piece of bacon and some biseuits that he had taken from a shelf of the kitchen cupboard. He was closing the sack by tying a knot in one end.

It was almost dark in the room now. As he finished tying the sack he walked hastily to the bed and kissed the sleeping child, then started for the next room, but stopped and went back and slowly kissed the child again. His free arm was passed over the child, the hand pressed against the bed to support his body as he leaned over. After he had kissed the moist lips his head sank beside hers for an instant—very close and tender was the touch—but he had never felt so far from the child as then, when apparently so near.

As he rose from the bed the sound of the horses rushing about in the corral told plainly that the boy was having trouble catching Brownie. He went out hurriedly, followed by the woman. She stopped on the edge of the porch that ran the length of the front of the house, while he passed on to the corral. The boy had just caught the mare and was leading her out of the corral gate when he got there. Brownie was sleek and fat, and tonight seemed to have an extra amount of the quick, alert life that usually characterized her.

The woman on the porch saw them in the starlight as they came towards the house. She went down the two steps of the porch and by the time they got to her she had the saddle free from Hanks, who stood so wearily, with head almost to the ground. It was but the work of a minute for the man and boy to get the saddle and bridle on Brownie.

"Put Hanks into the corral, Jim, and keep him staked out to

get up the horses and cows on," said the man as he deftly folded the bag of bread and bacon inside the slicker and tied it behind the saddle. The boy stood trembling and big-eyed as he watched, silently, his father tie the last knots in the leather strings drawn so tightly about the slicker.

The woman had brought the belt and cartridges from the bureau and now held them out to the man. He buckled on the belt, took the revolver from the holster on the saddle and put it into the one on the cartridge belt.

"The rifle, Old Woman!"

He was plainly getting anxious. He glanced nervously towards the east. The moon was rising. As he finished adjusting the rifle to the saddle the woman stood beside him. The angles of her slender form were accentuated by the cheap calico gown, and one large, bony hand was pressed against her hip, while the other hung, a tense fist, at her side. The brown, dry skin of her face was strangely illuminated, as by the light from her eyes. Not a word had passed her lips to the man since her moan of anguish and words of despair when he told her what he had done, and she realized that he must immediately go away — an outlaw.

He turned to her as he gathered the bridle and mane of the restive mare in his left hand. "Do the best you can, Old Woman," he said, "I'll try to win out. If I can't come back I'll git you where I am. I'm not to blame. Joe'd been prancin' round like an Apache Injun in his war paint, cussin' and sneerin' out o' them pig eyes o' his'n. I stood it till he came swaggerin' up to me and asked in that low-down way where'd I'd hid out the hide of that — O steer —. I called him a damned liar. He pulled his gun, but — I got there first. Damn him. I wish I hadn't."

As he kissed her, she asked very low, "Whar'l you lay out?" "Near Bear Spring, on top of the range, if I kin make it," he answered, as he grasped the saddle horn with his right hand and swung himself into the seat. "I'll be thar," she said low and tensely as he rode away.

The glow from the rising moon spread farther and farther and brighter in the east. She stood where he had left her — her arms folded tightly across her breast, looking in the direction in which he had disappeared. The boy had come up close to her, and his

arm was around her, and his eyes were fixed on the distance. They could now see nothing, but the clink of the horse's shoes against the loose stones and the rattle of the stones against each other came distinctly to their ears. Presently not the faintest sound could be heard.

They still stood there. They still looked into the silence where the man had vanished. Slowly she raised her face and looked into the clear sky, warm and beautiful from its depth and brilliant stars and flush of light. The tense expression on her face softened a little, but she was suddenly startled by the sound of many horses coming up the road from the River way.

"To bed," she said to the boy and pushed him from her. He darted into the house. She seated herself on the edge of the porch, her feet on the step beneath, and with her hands in her lap she looked, with apparent listlessness, down the road to the east.

It was very bright over there now. There was a line of red fire along the horizon.

She had only comfortably arranged herself when the horsemen came up. They rode straight to the house, — straight to her.

"Evenin'."

"Evenin'," she answered.

"Is John home yet?" asked one of the horsemen.

"No, I'm waitin' fer 'im. Hain't he been with you-all? He said he was going to the round-up down by the River. Hain't there been no round-up? When'd he quit you?" and she rose questioningly and went down the steps of the porch.

"Yes, we've been roundin' up, and John was thar, but he quit and left." The man eyed her critically.

Cordially inviting them to get down and wait for him, she went back up the steps and sat down, assuring them that he would surely be there soon.

"We heerd that John had done passed by at the springs down below," said the oldest of the men, a tall, raw-boned, gray-whiskered Texan.

"Well, he'd orter be here. You'd better git down. He'll sure be here soon."

The old man, sitting in lounging attitude on his horse, looked

at the frank, upturned face of the woman, on which the moonlight played in its soft brightness.

"Ride round the corral, Johnny, and through it. Maybe he's thar," the man said, turning to a young boy near him.

"Oh, if he's thar, he'll come on in, fer he'll see you-all," she said. "What's the matter that you-all act so?" and she suddenly stood by the head of the old man's horse, grasping the bridle near the bit. The old man straightened in his saddle and then stepped to the ground.

"See here," he said, and put his hand on her shoulder. "John shot Joe Benson down by the River, and we're after him, and we're goin' to git him, by God. We're goin' to search the house. Come on, boys. Lem, you stand guard." He took the woman, who looked at him in great surprise, by the arm and led her into the house. From her manner and reluctance it might readily be inferred that John was concealed there somewhere.

It was not much to search — the little cottage — two rooms in the main part, each one opening on the porch by a door and a window, and back of these a shed dining-room and kitchen. There were few furnishings and the heavy boots of the men resounded over the bare floors. The little girl still slept sweetly in the first room. In the second room the boy lay, from appearance, regular breathing and closed eyes — asleep.

The men searched high and low, the woman sitting in a chair in the middle of the first room, where the old man had put her so they could watch her. Finally they gave up the search and started to pass out.

The woman sprang from her chair and seizing the arm of the old man held it with a clinch like a vise. "Now, by God, it's my turn. John never shot Joe Benson. He didn't. You're lyin'. Because you got ketched in that brandin' play and John let out on you, you're layin' to do him up. I know you." Her eyes flashed and glowed with passion as she stood threateningly before him.

He looked down at her from his six feet four inches of height and a flush spread slowly over his face which caught the full light from the moon as he stood in the doorway. "I ain't lyin'. Stay in the house," and he twisted her hand from his arm.

They mounted their horses and rode away in the moonlight —

rode on up the road that followed along the dry bed of the mountain stream that ran by the Raymond ranch where they had just been searching.

The woman watched them disappear and then threw herself across the foot of the bed at the feet of her child. The boy came noiselessly from the other room and lay very close to her, putting his arm over her. They lay there some little time silently. Finally the boy sobbed aloud and clung convulsively to his mother, who turned her eyes that were so wide-open—so big with their love and their striving, toward him, and in a moment the mother and boy were sobbing in each others' arms.

"They won't hang Pap, Mammy?"

"No, Bud."

"You'll save Pap, Mammy?"

"Yes, Bud, and you'll help."

"Oh, Mammy, I'll sure help."

It was moonlight in the mountains. Along the rough, rocky trail through the cañon a woman, dressed in man's apparel, rode horseback. She looked a slender boy.

As the horse, his head free, deftly picked his way over the broken, rugged and, in some places, dangerous trail, the rider crooned with affecting simplicity, "The Little Brown Bird"—a sad little story. It was a story peculiarly associated with her hearth-stone and now its monotonous and sometimes weird intonations carried with pathetic clearness through the dim light of the deep cañon.

The clear moonlight only now and then found its way down into these depths—at some treeless, rocky turn, or where for some unevident reason the river bordered on a small, level, grass-covered, comparatively treeless plot. Every few moments in her song the rider would stop and seemed to listen with painful alertness. It was as if she were listening for some sort of an answer. The horse travelled on, both seeing and smelling his way. Still "The Little Brown Bird" floated among the trees and rocks, broken by intervals of silence, along the way.

She travelled this rugged trail for over an hour. She was approaching Bear Springs now—less than a hundred feet from the top of the range. As the trail led up along the mountain side, be-

cause of the impassable rocky barriers of the cañon below, it followed around an abrupt, perpendicular projection of the mountain. At the most acute angle of the turn she drew rein, and the solitary horse and rider was as a picture framed by the dark, deep solitude of the mountains.

She looked down over the foothills to the valley of the Rio Grande. The brilliant southern moonlight brooded there in mystical silence. The brown foothills lay massive and heavy in the foreground. Beyond, the broad, level plains that cherished with affectionate yielding the moods and wanderings of the river, and farther, against the horizon, lay sleeping, as they had for ages, a soft outline against the sky, the Sacramentos.

There was no sound except the slight creaking of the leather of the saddle as the horse breathed. For more than twenty-four hours her heart had held the most torturing, and, necessarily, concealed anxiety. The majestic silence enveloped her. She sat her horse like a statue, with her hands crossed before her on the saddle, and looked out over the scene. Some subtle strength and courage seemed to come to her. There was no strife—just the silence that spoke for all eternity woven with the joyous, flooding moonlight.

She looked long into the distance. The usually brown face was white now from suffering, and contrasted with the clustering jet-black hair that pushed front from under the gray sombrero set back on her head, and the large eyes,—lands of mingled midnight and noonday.

When, at last, she turned to travel on there were tears rolling down her cheeks. She went on in softer, less tense mood, and when she again took up the chant of "The Little Brown Bird" there was an even warmer melody in the notes, and the pathetic story seemed to find sympathetic friends in the trees and rocks across the way, for they sang the story back to her again in the same soft tones and lingeringly spoken words, and it was like a friendship to the brave but weary heart.

She was soon surrounded by trees and rocks and the mountain sides again, but she had not gone far when, in the midst of her chanting, a faint voice not far above her, called, "Liz." Quickly as a thought, she answered, "Yes."

She slipped from the saddle and, passing the reins over the horse's head, threw them over a near-by bush.

"Liz," the call came again. "I'm here," she answered, and in a moment she had climbed to the rocks above.

"Are you hurt bad?" and she sank beside John as he lay there on a great brown boulder, protected from immediate view from the trail by bushes and sheltered by the tall pines.

Her calloused hands pushed back the hair from his forehead. "Oh, Liz, a drink," he said, faintly.

She soon returned from her horse with a canteen of water. Very deftly she held the canteen to his lips. He drank with the eagerness of a thirsty child. It seemed to revive him from his semi-stupor.

"Where you hurt, John?" and as she asked she noticed his hand pressed to his side, and, putting her hand on his, she felt his shirt wet and saw it was a stain — blood.

He looked at her in a pitiful, appealing way as she bent over him. He tried to move, but was stiff and weak, and ceased his effort, saying, brokenly, "I'm done for, Liz."

"No, John," she said, stoutly, "I've come on Hanks. I'll take you home. You'll be all right."

Slowly and painfully she learned from him that the "gang" had found him in the cabin at Bear Springs about midnight the night before. He had made a dash to escape, but was shot through the leg and side and left for dead. Since then, by the most severe exertion he had pulled and rolled himself to where she had found him — a half-mile from the cabin. He had kept out of the trail for fear of some chance enemy, but had kept near to it. Through pain and loss of blood he could go no farther, but was listening for her. He had felt sure she would come.

She brought the blanket from under the saddle and put it under his head. She had torn a piece from the old waist she wore as a shirt, to bathe his face with, but when she tried to move his hand from his side he seemed in such agony that she stopped.

Gradually she realized that he must be much better than now before she could, in any way, get him home — and would she want to if she could? She cast the sickening thought aside and ministered to him in all possible ways, and most tender was the touch

of those large, bony hands. It was such a love that moved them.

Finally he seemed to sleep, and she lay close beside him, her elbow on the edge of the blanket under his head, and her head supported by her hand and very close to his.

He murmured and muttered occasionally, but at a movement of her hand over his face he would stop as if soothed. So she kept her vigil.

An owl in a near-by tree asked with childish persistence the old question of his race, "Who's there? who's there?" and the cries and calls of various wild animals sounded through the forest.

Finally, he opened his eyes, and smiling up into her face said, "Sing to me, Liz," and again the story of "The Little Brown Bird" was told, but the music was much broken now by the choking in her throat—but she must sing, and now he heard this song of his hearthstone while in the heart of the Black Range of New Mexico ten thousand feet above sea-level—miles away from even a miner's or hunter's cabin—dying. But the smile of God was surely upon him, for beside him was the woman he loved and who loved him. Did the song picture his fireside too vividly to him? Did he feel again the moist warmth of the lips of the little rosy-cheeked girl, asleep in her bed at home, against his own? Some tears gathered in his eyes and rolled off his face and he turned it from her. The full consciousness of his hopeless condition seemed to come to him.

"I'm done for, Liz, it's all on you now, but Jim'll help. He's a good boy, and you'll have Annie, Liz," and after a long pause, "Don't take me down, Liz." He said it very gently. "Bury me here. You can, Liz, and if thay's a God I'll be by you always. You shan't be alone. Kiss me, Liz."

He turned over to free the arm he was lying on, but sank back with a moan and was unconscious.

Her tender solicitude continued until, a little later, the vigil was done. Trained by the experiences of a hard, practical life, she answered to the demands of the moment. When she had satisfied herself that he was dead she rode on up to the cabin and found an old pick with one point broken off, and a short-handled shovel. She returned with them, and there, near where he had died, she dug a shallow grave. She broke some fir branches and

covered the bottom of it. When all was ready she went to the body, took off the cartridge belt with the revolver, emptied the contents of the trousers' pockets into her own, untied the handkerchief from about his throat and hastily, as if shutting out a vision, and with an agony that made her breath come in gasps, spread it over his face. Then, with feverish anxiety and much difficulty, she rolled the saddle blanket around the body and finally got it into the grave. She picked up the shovel to cover it with earth, but when the sound of the gravel upon the blanket struck her ear she dropped the shovel and with a cry of anguish that rang through the forest and startled the birds from the tree above, she threw herself along the edge of the grave and, reaching down, frantically pulled at the blanket to uncover the body. It was not easily done, and before she had accomplished it, the urgent necessity of conditions came clearly to her, and in a frenzied manner she took up the shovel again and filled the grave and smoothed it over with her hands and scattered loose stones over the top. She put no mark. She would know. It was her grave — hers and the children's.

With a haste born of despair she fastened the empty canteen to the saddle which rested without a blanket on the horse, hung the cartridge-belt with revolver on the horn. She turned the horse's head down the trail and, swinging herself into the saddle, rode down from the mountains.

She did not see the mountains — the moonlight or the trail — nothing — just a dull creature of necessity, whose bidding she would do henceforth as she walked alone.



CUT HERE.

**FULLY COOKED,
PRE-DIGESTED.**

Dextrose and Grape Syrup.

Made by Special Treatment of Barley Wheat and Rye.

Grape-Nuts

A FOOD FOR BRAIN AND NERVE CENTRES.

WARNING

Do not mistake Grape-Nuts for other cereals. Grape-Nuts are a food, not a cereal. They are made from the finest quality of Barley Wheat and Rye, and are prepared by special treatment. They are not a cereal, and should not be used as a cereal. They are a food, and should be used as a food.

SERVE ON

Postum Cereal Co.

You

Can

Nowadays the winning athlete and the successful thinker know that strength, energy, alertness, endurance and brain power are bound up in the familiar little yellow packages.

This food prepared from field grains—Nature's laboratory—by a food expert, contains proteids, carbohydrates and the valuable Phosphate of Potash (which combines with albumen in the blood to form the soft gray substance which fills brain and nerve cells) and builds up Modern Men to the highest degree of efficiency and power.

It's a matter of choice whether you will be strong, well and brainy.

"There's a Reason" for

Grape-Nuts

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.



Mullins Steel Boats

Motor Boats, Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats
 built of steel with air chambers in each end like a life boat. They can't sink. Faster, more buoyant, practically indestructible, don't leak, dry out and are absolutely safe. No caking, no bulging, no trouble. Every boat is guaranteed. Highly endorsed by sportsmen. The ideal boat for pleasure, summer resorts, parks, etc.
THE W. H. MULLINS CO.,
 148 Franklin St. Salem, Ohio.

Write for

Catalogue.

15 Packets Flower Seeds 10c

Enough for your entire Flower Garden. Best kinds, best quality. Also my Guide—no flower engravings—offers 100 Bulbs free. 600,000 people buy of me every year. Do you!
GEO. W. PARK, Box 16, La Park, Pa.

50 KINDS FLOWER SEEDS FOR 10c

And Collection Flowering BULBS FREE

FREE SEEDS

Aster, Balsam, Pansy, Sweet Pea, Pink, Cosmos, Verbena, Nasturtium, Cypress Vine, Heliotrope, Mignonette, and 39 other kinds.

DIRECTIONS—Write name and address plainly, enclose 10c. coin or stamps, for postage, etc., and you will receive at once 50 varieties best flower seeds and a collection of Flowering Bulbs FREE. Sent postpaid.
STATE NURSERY, Dept. 15, BOSTON, MASS.



NEW FUN FOR BOYS DANCING SKELETON 10c.

13 INCHES HIGH. Cuts up astonishing capers. This amusing little creature, postpaid, 10 cents.
Merritt & Co., 115 Plymouth St., Jersey City, N.J.

\$80 A MONTH SALARY And all expenses to men with vig to introduce our Guaranteed Poultry and Stock Remedies. Send for contract; we mean business and furnish best reference. **G. R. BIGLER CO., 1306 Springfield, Ill.**

GREENBACKS \$100 IN STAGE MONEY FOR 10c
 Get a bunch of Stage Greenbacks (not counterfeits) wrap them around your own neck and show your friends what a real gem carry. Big bunch of \$100 for 10c; \$200 for 25c. **A. DRAKE, Dept. 112, 539 Van Buren St., CHICAGO.**



Grow Mushrooms

For Big and Quick Profits. I can give practical instructions worth many dollars to you. No matter what your occupation is or where located, get a thorough knowledge of this paying business. Particulars free. **JACKSON MUSHROOM FARM, 5245 N. Western Ave., E-11, Chicago**

SONG HIT that is sweeping the Country "A LEMON SKIDOO"

By R. Coddington. Selling to Beat the Band. 20 cents a copy, silver or stamps. New York's latest song success. **NORTH AMERICAN MUSIC COMPANY, Desk 100, W. 28th Street, New York**

BOY'S AIR RIFLE

32 Inches Long

weighs 2 lbs.; elegantly finished, steel barrel, all working parts nicked; walnut stock, pistol grip, peep sights; used indoors or for killing small game; shoots B B shot and darts; most accurate rifle made. Send us your name and address for only 34 pieces of Jewelry to sell at 10c. each, return \$2.40 when sold and we will send this rifle at once and a free supply of shot.

Address **EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 566, East Boston, Mass.**



FREE

A BUSINESS THAT WILL PAY \$5,000 A YEAR

logues, follow-up literature, names of mail order buyers, place your advertisement, from \$10 to \$100 write us. CATALOGUE AND PARTICULARS FREE.

is considered a fairly good business, and it is. We can assist you in starting a business (selling merchandise by mail) that can be made to pay as much or more than \$5,000 annually. By OUR EASY METHOD success is almost certain. We furnish everything necessary, catalogue, follow-up literature, names of mail order buyers, place your advertisement, from \$10 to \$100 write us. CATALOGUE AND PARTICULARS FREE.
MILBURN-NICKS, 135 Postoffice Building, Chicago.

\$1000 NO LABOR NO SPECULATION

Will soon be worth \$1000, besides paying 50 per cent dividends. Take a certainty by investing in Oregon's timber wealth. This is well worth your time to investigate. Full information on request. Write to-day. **NORTH COAST CO-OPERATIVE LUMBER CO.**
 Manufacturers and Exporters Suite 1-9 Realty Trust Bldg., Portland, Oregon

I WILL MAKE YOU PROSPEROUS

If you are honest and ambitious write me today. No matter where you live or what your occupation, I will teach you the Real Estate business by mail; appoint you Special Representative of my Company in your town; start you in a profitable business of your own, and help you make big money at once. Unusual opportunity for men without capital to become independent for life. Valuable book and full particulars free. Write today. Address nearest office.
NATIONAL CO-OPERATIVE REALTY CO.

814 Maryland Building, Washington, D. C.
 814 Atholton Building, Chicago, Illinois



J. H. WARDEN,
President

"You've GOT To Earn MORE"

It isn't a question alone of whether you want a better salary—it's a hard condition of life that you must face to protect yourself and those dependent upon you.

Earning more means holding a better position—independence, happiness, and a chance to provide for the future.

You can't stand still—if you don't want to go backward, you must go forward—that is, you've got to earn more.

Thousands upon thousands who once held low, poorly paid positions now earn high salaries as a result of letting the **International Correspondence Schools** show them how to accomplish the change. During December, 1906, 320 students voluntarily reported an increase in salary and position as the direct result of I. C. S. training.

HOW TO DO IT.

Simply select from the list the kind of occupation you prefer, writing a postal card to the **INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS**, asking how you can become a success in that position. By return mail you will receive books, literature, and helpful advice that will surprise you.

Write the postal card to-day.
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Box 834, Scranton, Pa.

You've got to earn more money.

**The I. C. S. will help you.
Will you take the start to-day?**



Here is a List of Good Positions

Select the one you prefer, write a postal to The International Correspondence Schools, Box 834, Scranton, Pa., and ask how you can qualify to fill it at a good salary.

Be sure to mention the position you prefer.

Bookkeeper	Foreman Plumber
Stenographer	Elec. Lighting Supt.
Advertisement Writer	Mechan. Engineer
Show Card Writer	Surveyor
Window Trimmer	Stationary Engineer
Commercial Law	Civil Engineer
Illustrator	Building Contractor
Civil Service	Architect ¹ Draftsman
Chemist	Architect
Textile Mill Supt.	Structural Engineer
Electrician	Bridge Engineer
Elec. Engineer	Mining Engineer
	Mechanical Draftsman

PETER'S

"High as the
Alps in quality"

*THE
ORIGINAL
MILK*

**CHOCOLATE
ALONE
AT THE TOP!**

High above all other eat-
ing chocolates stands

**"GALA
PETER"**

Pure, wholesome,
and "irresistibly
delicious."

"You never grow tired
of PETER'S."

LAMONT, CORLISS & CO.
Sole Importers, New York



COLUMBIA



CYLINDER & DISC
RECORDS



They Sound Best

THE clear, sweet, natural tone of Columbia Records delights the ear. "A concord of sweet sounds."

They reproduce all the characteristic timbre and sympathetic qualities of the human voice with absolute fidelity.

All harsh, metallic, disagreeable sounds are entirely eliminated, making Columbia Records the smoothest known.

They Wear Best

Columbia Records outlast all others, by actual test. Thousands of users all over the world are discarding other Records for the Columbia.

They Fit All Makes of Talking Machines

Columbia Records sound best on Columbia Graphophones; but if yours is another make, Columbia Records will greatly improve the Tone Quality of your machine.

Prove It for Yourself

Columbia 10-inch Disc Records, 60c.

Columbia Gold-Moulded Cylinder Records [only] 25c.

Columbia Half-Foot Cylinder Records, 50c.

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO., Gen'l

353 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

88 Wabash Ave., Chicago

526 McAllister St., San Francisco

Grand Prix, Paris, 1900 Double Grand Prize, St. Louis, 1904 Grand Prize, Milan, 1906

Stores in all the Principal Cities

Dealers Everywhere



\$3.00

Post paid
in U. S. A.

No More Aching Feet

struction the comfort of the wearer is first considered. And yet no sacrifice is made in looks. One woman recently wrote us as follows:—"Had you cast my foot in a mould you could not have succeeded in fitting me better. For the first time in years my feet are feeling real comfort. The soft, glove-like feeling is simply charming."

The Pillow Shoe

"A Blessing to
Womankind"

is a hand turned shoe. The sole, flexible, oak tanned stock of fine wearing quality. The upper, genuine Vicil Kid, soft and pliable, but strong. No lining to wrinkle and hurt, and no seams except at heel and toe. The inside of the shoe is like the inside of a kid glove. Fits around the foot as smoothly as your stocking. Pillow Shoes have rubber heels which take the jar of walking all the spine. The style of shoe shown here sells for \$3.00 A PAIR postpaid anywhere in the United States or possessions. When ordering state size and width usually worn, or write for special self measure blank. Fit and satisfaction guaranteed in every case, or money promptly refunded. Catalogue showing all styles sent free on request.

Write for it to-day.

AGENTS

We have a most attractive proposition for agents everywhere. Good income easily earned. Write for particulars.

SUFFOLK SHOE COMPANY
184 Summer St., Dept. S-3, Boston, Mass.



Illustrated Catalogue, explaining how to make money on a small investment, SENT FREE.

STEREOPTICONS

Moving Picture Films, that are easy to use and low in price.

Mission work; brilliant effects, comic subjects. Lowest prices.

The Bright White Light, a portable light, costs \$2, an hour's use \$1.00.

500 Lecture Sets with readings: 40,000 slides to rent.

WILLIAMS, BROWN & EARLE,
918 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.



GEISHA DIAMONDS

The Latest Scientific Discovery

Bright, sparkling, beautiful. For brilliancy they equal the genuine, standing all test and puzzle experts. One-twentieth the expense. Sent free with privilege of examination. For particulars, pen, etc., address

THE E. GREGG MFG. & TRFT. CO.
Dept. P, 201 E. Van Buren St.,
Chicago, Ill.

BARODA DIAMONDS

Set in Solid Gold mountings. You can own a diamond equal in brilliancy to any genuine stone at one-third the cost.

FLASH LIKE GENUINE

Stand acid test and expert examination. We guarantee them. See them first then pay CATALOGUE FREE, postpaid Ring Mounts included for \$2 two sent through.

THE BARODA CO., Dept. 22, 220 North State St., Chicago, Ill.



FREE

GOLD WATCH AND RING FREE

An American Movement Watch with Solid Gold-Plated case, warranted to keep exact time; equal in appearance to a Solid Gold Watch, warranted for 25 years; also a Gold-Filled Ring, set with a sparkling Gem, are given free to any one for selling only 20 Jewelry Novelties at 10 cents each. Send name and address for Jewelry. When sold, send us the \$2 and we send you the Gold Watch and Ring. Write today. Address

EAGLE WATCH COMPANY,
Dept. 47, East Boston, Mass.



Darken Your Gray Hair



DUB'S OZARK HERBS restores gray, streaked or faded hair to its natural color, beauty and softness. Prevents the hair from falling out, promotes its growth, cures and prevents dandruff, and gives the hair a soft, glossy and healthy appearance. IT WILL NOT STAIN THE SCALP, is not sticky or dirty, contains no sugar of lead, nitrate silver, copperas, or poisons of any kind, but is composed of roots, herbs, bark and flowers.

PACKAGE MAKES ONE PINT. It will produce the most luxuriant tresses from dry, coarse and wiry hair, and bring back the color it originally was before it turned gray. Full size package sent by mail, postpaid, for 25 cents. OZARK HERB CO., Block 18, St. Louis, Mo.

Don't be Fat or Wrinkled

Send us your name and address on a post card and we will send you FREE a very interesting story of the way the Japanese women obtain and keep their wonderful clear complexions and supple, graceful figures—from girlhood to old age.

THE AH-MA BALL DOES IT ALL

As a wrinkle remover and flesh reducer it has no equal

The first importation of this wonderful, health-giving massage implement into America. Has been used by the Japanese for many centuries. Each carved by hand in Tokio. Can be carried in the pocket. So simple a child can use it. Everybody that sees the AH-MA BALL wants one. Its results are so quick and lasting they seem miraculous.

Address HENRY DOYLE COMPANY

Sole Importers - 203 Centre Street, NEW YORK



Photograph from life showing THE AH-MA BALL IN USE. The Japanese word "Ah-Ma" means "Massage."

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

For dyspeptics, invalids and convalescents. Horlick's Malted Milk does not tax the weakest stomach. It is quickly assimilated and gives needed nourishment to the system.

A glass of Horlick's served hot before retiring prevents sleeplessness.

Sold and served by druggists everywhere.

Ask for Horlick's—Others are imitations.

The ideal food-drink for all ages.



Hatch Chickens by Steam

with the

**EXCELSIOR
INCUBATOR**

or **WOODEN HEN**

Economical and perfect hatching. Absolutely reliable and self-regulating. Thousands in use to-day.

GEO. H. STAHL, Quincy, Ill.



Send for free Catalogue.



50 BULBS
25 Cents.

Will grow in the house or out of doors.

Tulips, Crocuses, Pansies, Daffodils, Narcissus, Hyacinths, Fuchsias, Gladioli, Begonias, Chinese Lily, Lilies of the Valley—all postpaid, 25c. in stamps or coin.

As a premium with these Bulbs we will send FREE a giant collection of flower seeds—over 200 varieties. NATIONAL NURSERY, Dept. 15 Boston, Mass.

MENNEN'S

Borated **TOILET POWDER**
Talcum

MARCH WINDS

are powerless to harm the skin and complexions of those folks who acquire the good habit of daily using Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder, the purest and safest of soothing and healing toilet powders. Mennen's is a satisfying finish of a delightful shave, the most essential item on a lady's toilet table, and in the nursery indispensable.

Put up in non-refillable boxes, for your protection. If Mennen's face is on the cover, it's genuine and a guarantee of purity. Delightful after shaving. Sold everywhere, or by mail 25 cents. Sample Free.

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Try Mennen's Violet (Borated) Talcum Powder. It has the scent of fresh cut Parma Violets.

Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 1542.



QUILTED MATTRESS PADS

MONEY spent wisely means comfort and pleasure to the spender. You go to bed to rest. Quilted Mattress Pads will make your bed comfortable as well as keep yours and baby's bed in a perfect sanitary condition.

The cost is small—and when washed they are as good as new.

Ask your Dry Goods Dealer

Excelsior Quilting Co.
15 Light Street, New York, N. Y.

RHEUMATISM

Cured Through the Feet

Anyone Can Try Without Cost This Great External Remedy Which Is Curing Thousands

Send Your Name To-day and Get A \$1 Pair FREE To Try

We want every reader of this paper who suffers with Rheumatism to send us his or her name. We will send by return mail a pair of the celebrated Magic Foot Drafts, the new Michigan external remedy, which has brought more comfort into this country than all the internal medicines we know of. If they give relief, send us One Dollar; if not, don't send us a cent. We take your word. You decide.



Magic Foot Drafts are worn as shown in the picture, relieving pain in every part of the body through the feet. Our Free Book is fully illustrated (in colors) so that anyone who reads it can understand the relation of the foot pores and nerves to nature's plan for ridding the system of pain-causing impurities. Don't delay, but send to-day for our Free Book, and the Free Trial Drafts. They are curing cases of 30 and 40 years' standing, after doctors and baths and medicines had failed. It costs nothing to find out whether they will cure you. Will you try them? Address Magic Foot Draft Co., 349 Oliver Bldg., Jackson, Mich. Write to-day.

THE
MAIL

ORDER
BUSINESS

Our practical booklet, Mail Order Advertising, helps you elimate the steps to success. 32 pages of rates, plans, mediums, follow-up systems, etc.; also booklet, The Right Way of Getting into the Mail Order Business, all 20c by mail.

ROSS D. BRENER & CO.
448 Land Title Building
Philadelphia, Penna.

MAKE MONEY BY MAIL

Only spare time and little cash required to start. We teach you the mail order business by mail; thorough, practical instruction gleaned from experience of poor men who have become rich. If you are tired of being a druggist nobody, let us show you how to start and develop a big paying business of your own. Write now. MAIL ORDER LYCEUM, 411 Phelps Bldg., SCRANTON, PA.

New Cure for Rupture Sent on Trial



Brooks' Appliance is a new scientific discovery with automatic air cushions that draws the broken parts together and binds them as you would a broken limb. It absolutely holds firmly and comfortably and never slips, always light and cool and conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting. I make it to your measure and send it to you on a strict guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded and I have put my price so low that anybody, rich or poor, can buy it. Remember I make it to your order—send it to you—you wear it—and if it doesn't satisfy you, you send it back to me and I will refund your money. I thank you for any responsible citizen in Marshall will tell you that in the way I do business—always absolutely on the square and I am selling thousands of people this way for the past five years. Remember I use no salve, no harness, no lies, no fakes. I just give you a straight business deal at a reasonable price.

C. E. Brooks, 3638 Brooks Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

DO YOU SUFFER?

From any nose, throat or lung trouble such as Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or Consumption. If so, we will mail you, free and postpaid, liberal trial treatment of Condor Inhalation (California's greatest wonder) to convince you that it is possible to be permanently cured at home without change of climate, loss of time or stomach dosing.

CONDOR INHALATION

directly reaches the affected parts and stops pain in chest or between shoulder blades, raising matter, constant spitting, lingering colds, bronchitis, chronic coughs, tickling in throat, loss of taste and smell, flushed cheeks, night sweats, chills, fever, hemorrhage, foul breath, stuffed nose, head aches, sneezing, shortness of breath, gasping, wheezing, loss of vitality, strength, weight, etc.

Draws through mouth or nose, our original Condor Inhalation (None Other Genuine) penetrates to every nook and corner of the air passages and lungs, dissolves and rebuilds diseased tissues, loosens and raises mucus, destroys and ejects germs, cleans lung cavities, affected nasal passages and bronchial tubes, and restores health.

FREE Trial Treatment, illustrated Book and information about how to get well sent absolutely free to you if you write us.

CONDOR CURE CO., Dept. 273, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

MAKE A FORTUNE

Start a Mail Order Business and make money as I have done. About seven years ago I started a mail order business with a capital of \$10. I have made a fortune out of it. My plan is perfectly legitimate and honorable, suitable for lady or gentleman. It is original. My system is new; your home can be your office. Start with a small capital. I will impart to you the knowledge, principle and secrets of my successful and profitable mail order business. For further particulars address HAZEN A. HORTON, Dept. 12, Tekonsha, Mich.

Before You Invest

A dollar in anything get my book "How to Judge Investments." It tells you about everything you should know before making any kind of an investment, either for a large or small amount. This book gives the soundest advice and may save you many dollars. Send two-cent stamp for a copy; do it now. Send your name and address and get the Investors' Review for

3 Months Free.

This will keep you reliably posted on various kinds of investments. Address

Editor INVESTORS' REVIEW
1408 Cuff Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.

LOFTIS SYSTEM **Diamonds** on Credit

YOU CAN EASILY OWN A DIAMOND OR WATCH, or present one as a gift to some loved one. Whatever you select from our beautiful catalog, we send on approval. Pay one-fifth on delivery, balance in equal monthly payments. Your credit is good. As a pure investment nothing is safer than a Diamond. 10% annual increase in value. Written guarantee of quality and value. Catalogue free. Write for it today. Do it now.

LOFTIS THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL DIAMOND AND WATCH CREDIT HOUSE,
 BROS. & CO. Dept. C-52, 93 to 95 State St., Chicago, Ill.

CLASS PINS AND BADGES

For Society or Lodge—College or School
 Made to order in any style or material. Read our money saving offer. Either of the two styles here illustrated, engraved in one or two colors and showing any letters or initials, but not more than shown in illustration.

Silver Plate, \$1.00 dozen. Sample, 10c.
 Sterling Silver, \$2.50 doz. Sample, 25c.

FREE our new and handsomely illustrated catalog—shows new styles in gold and silver. Satisfaction guaranteed. Celluloid Buttons and Ribbon Badges at right prices. Special designs and estimates free.

HASTIAN BROS. CO., 31 P South Ave., Rochester, N. Y.



AGENTS \$108.50 per month selling these wonderful *Artettes*. T. C. Oshor, Columbus, O., sold 25 pairs in 5 hours, made \$13. You can do it; we show how. **FREE OUTFIT.** Thomas Co. Bldg., Dayton, O.



150 MAGIC TRICKS 10c
 We create we will send you by return mail 150 Magic Tricks with cards, ribbons, rings, etc. etc., all so cleverly explained and illustrated that with only a little practice you can easily perform them and be as great a magician as Houdini or Kellar. No other means of entertaining is so effective, yet so easy to learn. We guarantee success. Big Canning of many other tricks sent free with each order. Get these tricks and be popular with your friends. R. DRAKE, Dept. 338, 510 Jackson St., Chicago.



Print Your Own Cards
 Circulars, books, newspaper. Press, \$5. Large size, \$18. Money saver, maker. All easy, printed rules. Write factory for catalog, presses, type, paper, cards. The Press Co., Meriden, Conn.

WANTED

10 men in each state to travel, distribute samples of our goods and tack advertising cards. Salary \$21 per week, \$3 n day expense allowance. SAUNDERS CO., Dept. G, Jackson Blvd., Chicago

LADY SEWERS

wanted to make up shields at home; \$10 per 100; can make 1 an hour; work sent prepaid to reliable women. Send reply envelope for information to **UNIVERSAL CO., DEPT. 100, PHILA., PA.**



CHEW... Beeman's THE ORIGINAL Pepsin Gum

Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.

All Others are Imitations.



Portfolio of Beauties

Gauzy Draperies, Graceful Poses, Beautiful Dreamy Faces. Twelve of the most catchy pictures we have ever offered, made in Sepia Duo-tint Prints. Size 7 x 10 inches, ready to frame or passepartout, together with our Art Catalog containing illustrations of over 300 masterpieces, sent prepaid upon receipt of 50c (U. S. Postage, Currency, P. O. Money Order or Express Order.) We are the publishers of the largest line of Den Pictures in the world. Address

THE WHITE CITY ART COMPANY

358A Dearborn St., Chicago, Illinois

FREE—An Etching entitled "The First Monday; or, Mother Eve's Washing on the Line" given free with each order. This picture alone sells for 25 cents everywhere. It's a good one.

ACoin Collection For \$100

Specially selected. Twenty plainly labelled coins of as many countries sent for \$1.00. We buy and sell coins. List for 2c. stamps. Established 34 yrs. Alexander & Co., 224 C Washington St., Boston, Mass.



99 NEW SONGS for 10c

Wait till the New Songs arrive. Want Me around again. Little Bo Long Mary. Waiting at the Church. Not because you're late to curly. Everybody works but Father. Why don't you try. Chrysanthemum. Grand Old Flag. Thank you Doodle. Hey, don't you know I'm lonely. What you girls do to when the Heart Comes Round. Holding Hands, Cross Your Heart. In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree. Blue Bell. In Dear Old Georgia. and 97 others just as good; also a list of 3000 other songs. \$1.00 per list and a Gold-Price Ticket. All the above sent post paid for ten cts. **DRAKE MUSIC CO., Dept. 118, 629 Van Buren St., CHICAGO.**

IT PAYS BIG To amuse the Public With Motion Pictures



NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY as our instruction Book and "Business Guide" tells all. We furnish Complete Outfits with Big Advertising Posters, etc. Humorous dramas brimful of fun, travel, history, religion, temperance work and songs illustrated. One man can do it. Astonishing Opportunity in any locality for a man with a little money to show in churches, school houses, lodge halls, theatres, etc. Big profits each entertainment. Others do it, why not you? It's easy; write to us and we'll tell you how. Catalogue free.

AMUSEMENT SUPPLY CO., 451 Chemical Bank Bldg., CHICAGO.

Russell Sage Said

"Any young man or woman who has one thousand dollars well invested is on a straight road to a fortune."

HOW THIRTY DOLLARS WILL EARN THAT THOUSAND

When Russell Sage, America's most conservative and successful Financier, made the statement above quoted, he handed down to rising generations the secret of the laying the foundation of **his own stupendous fortune.**

Thousands of people since then, both young and old, have followed his advice and have accumulated fortunes, and to those who will read every word of this advertisement and write to us for further inside information, we promise to prove not only the truthfulness of Russell Sage's wise words, but will also make the accumulation of that **necessary Thousand Dollars so easy that every reader of this paper can, if they so wish, get on to this "straight road to a fortune" during the next few months.**

Down in Joplin, Missouri, The United Standard Lead and Zinc Company has a mine which mine inspectors who have been in the employment of the state of Missouri, mining engineers, mine officials and the leading bankers and business men of Missouri recommend as being one of great wealth.

Some months ago this particular piece of property was called a "prospect," which word, by the way, could be applied to any piece of ground in the world. But the miner was put to work — a shaft was sunk, lead and zinc were found in immense bodies — the possibility of a loss was overcome and the "prospect" became a "mine."

To make assurance doubly sure another shaft was sunk, with, if possible, more promising results. These two shafts with drift connections comprise about eight acres, with a total area of 1,740 square feet of ore **in sight only waiting for the completion of a concentrating mill to turn it into hard cash with which to pay dividends** on the stock already sold and to be sold up to and including the time the mill is in operation.

Our mill will handle from 50 to 70 tons per week, which in dollars and cents will be between two and three thousand dollars per week, and this, mark you, is the **profit on one mill only.**

With the entire fifty acres (which is the size of the company's tract) opened up and **five mills working**, the annual profit would be from **four to six hundred thousand dollars above all expenses.**

If this was not a fair and square proposition and if the men behind it were not worthy of your absolute confidence, it would not be printed.

If the property is not just exactly as described — if a misstatement or a misrepresentation is made either in this entire announcement or in the printed matter that those who want further information will receive, your money — no matter how much or how little you may decide to invest — will be returned to you in full, without one cent of loss to you.

A limited amount of stock is now offered at 15 cents per share. When the first mill is in operation this stock should be worth par — \$1.00 per share. With five

mills in operation \$5.00 per share is a reasonable price to expect. So that 200 shares, costing you only \$30.00, should in a very short time be worth \$1,000.00 cash.

A Valuable Stock to Own

We will not sell less than 100 shares to anyone at the following extremely low prices

The Men Behind the Enterprise

They are worthy of your absolute confidence

Mr. L. E. PITTS, of Kansas City, Mo., President and Treasurer of the United Standard Lead and Zinc Company. A gentleman, every inch of him, and a thorough honest, capable business man, who was for years clerk of United States District Court.

Mr. J. D. RIDDELL, Vice-President of the United Standard Lead and Zinc Company. The personification of honesty. Precise and careful. A strict business man. Formerly General Freight Agent Kansas City, Fort Scott & Memphis Railroad at Kansas City, Mo.

Mr. J. E. PEARSON, Secretary of the United Standard Lead and Zinc Company, respected by all who know him for truthfulness and honesty. A business man of marked ability. Former President of J. J. Graham Wholesale Grocery Company. Now in wholesale cigar business at Joplin, Mo.

Mr. W. J. ESTES, Director of the United Standard Lead and Zinc Company, who is Superintendent of the Pittsburg-Missouri Zinc and Lead Company, at Joplin, Mo. Young, aggressive, honest and capable, than whom there is probably no more practical miner in the world.

Mr. J. E. AUL, Director of the United Standard Lead and Zinc Company. Prominent merchant of Webb City, Mo. A business man, pure and simple. Honest, upright and reliable. His word is as good as his bond.

To Those Who Hesitate

Do you want to get in virtually on the ground floor, or will you let the opportunity pass while you hesitate? **This stock is sure to advance.** It may advance while you are thinking it over. It may all be sold before you get through thinking. You have no time to think. **You must act. You must act to-day. You must act now.** Send in your order and remittance. **Then investigate.** We will refund your money if you can point out any false or misleading statements made by us concerning this property or the officers and directors of the Company. You may have fifteen days for this investigation, if you request it, and we will extend the time fifteen days longer, if you ask it.

Doesn't this offer prove that we have confidence in the proposition? Doesn't it show that there is nothing to fear?

We have cautioned you about delay. You know your own mind. **We feel that you know you want to invest in this great enterprise. Assert yourself. Do it. Do it to-day. DO IT NOW.**

100 shares at 15 cents will cost you \$	15.00	If you want to buy in installments send one-half cash with remittance and pay balance in four equal monthly payments, beginning one month from date of first payment.
200 shares at 15 cents will cost you \$	30.00	
500 shares at 15 cents will cost you \$	75.00	
1,000 shares at 15 cents will cost you \$	150.00	
5,000 shares at 15 cents will cost you \$	750.00	
10,000 shares at 15 cents will cost you \$	1,500.00	

Now having made our statement we want an opportunity to furnish you the proof, whether you invest or not lies entirely in your own hands, but we would like you to give us the opportunity to prove the truthfulness of every statement made.

Only don't delay. This stock has trebled in value recently and another rise in price is due very shortly, so to guard against having to pay more than fifteen cents per share we print below a coupon which you can fill in for as many shares as you feel sure you can pay for. These shares we will hold for you till you have investigated and have been convinced that your money is safe and that it is a good investment for you to make.

Now then, sit down and write to us to-day to send you on our proof. We want you to know all about this proposition and the men of unquestioned integrity who are behind it. We want you to be satisfied that we have told you the whole truth, then you will be so enthusiastic about it that even if you have not the money to invest yourself you will tell all of your friends about it. This is all we ask.

THE UNITED STANDARD LEAD AND ZINC CO.

Address all communications and make all remittances to

THOMAS DAVIES & CO., Inc. Financial Agents

Rooms 531-532 Marquette Building, 206 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

COUPON—Fill out this coupon and mail to-day

THOMAS DAVIES & CO., Rooms 531-532, 206 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

Kindly enter my subscription for..... shares of stock in the United Standard Lead and Zinc Co., of Joplin, Mo., at the special price of 15c per share.

I enclose \$..... to pay for same.

Note—If you wish you may pay one-half cash down and balance in four monthly installments.

Please send me full information, including references, maps, ore assays, mine superintendent's report and mining engineer's report. It is understood that you are to return my money in full if I find you have misrepresented anything in connection with this proposition.

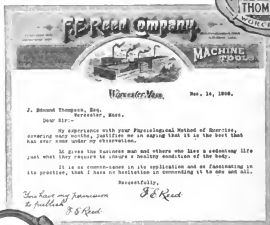
My name is

City..... State.....

Remit by Express or Money Order, Draft or Registered Letter.

Read This Letter

From The President Of A
Widely Known Mfg. Concern



I Have Something To Say To Every Business & Professional Man In This Country

I Can Make You a BETTER MAN—
Physically. No doubt you believe yourself a well man now. No doubt you think that the fatigue which follows a hard day's work is natural; that the indigestion, constipation and headaches which you and most other business men suffer from are inevitable; that the nervousness and occasional insomnia is something to be expected; that there is no relief from the added flesh that comes with advancing years.

BUT YOU'RE WRONG! Every one of these things is unnatural and unnecessary. I have proved this to hundreds of men by teaching them how to improve their physical condition to such a degree that the hardest day's work brings no fatigue, indigestion, constipation, and headaches are alike unknown, sleep comes as regularly as the night, and excess flesh gives place to healthy tissue. Any one of these men will gladly confirm my statements, and the letter I reproduce above is but one of many that I have on file.

My Physiological Method of Exercise is absolutely unique — as different from ordinary exercise or "physical culture" as light is different from darkness. My mail instruction is entirely individual. I study each case, outline each course, and dictate every letter personally. Give me ten minutes a day and I will give you health that will make work a pleasure and add years to your life. I will do all I promise or refund every cent of my fee.

Write me something of your present condition and I will send you without charge a letter telling exactly what I can do for you. I will also send you my booklet, "**HOW TO KEEP A GOOD GRIP ON YOUR HEALTH**," which tells all about my method. You incur no obligation, and I promise you immunity from annoying solicitation.

J. EDMUND THOMPSON, 307 Main St., Worcester, Mass.

YOU'RE SURE ITS PURE—THE GOVERNMENT GUARANTEES IT.

HAYNER WHISKEY

BOTTLED IN BOND

The
Stamp
of the
U. S.
Gov't.



In our own Registered Distillery No. 2, Tenth District, Ohio, under the direct supervision of the U. S. Internal Revenue Department—and shipped

Direct from our Distillery to YOU
4 FULL QUARTS \$3²⁰
EXPRESS PREPAID

You could not ask for a higher or more trustworthy endorsement than this stamp of the U. S. Government on each bottle—it means that from the first moment this whiskey is distilled, through all the years it is being aged, and until it is finally bottled, it is in the care of the U. S. Government—and in charge of the U. S. Government Storekeeper—and is a positive assurance that the whiskey is fully aged, full proof, full measure and free of every particle of dilution and adulteration.

By shipping direct from our distillery to you, we cut out all the dealers' and middlemen's profits and are able to offer you this absolutely pure and "bottled in bond" whiskey at the distiller's price.

SEND US YOUR ORDER ON OUR GUARANTEE YOU WILL LIKE IT

OUR OFFER We will ship you in a plain sealed case, with no marks to show contents, **FOUR FULL QUART BOTTLES of HAYNER PRIVATE STOCK BOTTLED IN BOND WHISKEY** for \$3.20, and we will pay the express charges. Take it home and sample it, have your doctor test it, every bottle if you wish. Then, if you don't find it perfectly satisfactory, ship it back to us **AT OUR EXPENSE** and your \$3.20 will be promptly refunded. How could any offer be fairer! **WRITE OUR NEAREST OFFICE** and mention "Division 325."

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Col., Idaho, Mont., Nev., New Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash. or Wyo. must be on the basis of 4 QUARTS for \$4.00 by EXPRESS PREPAID or 20 QUARTS for \$15.20 by FREIGHT PREPAID.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY, Division 325

DAYTON, O.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

ATLANTA, GA.

121

ESTABLISHED 1866.

CAPITAL \$500,000.00, PAID IN FULL.

Cook's Malto-Rice

A Pure, Ready-to-eat Rice, Malted



RICE contains more nutriment and supplies more energy to the human body than anything that grows out of the ground, and is the easiest food to digest.

MALT as a marvelously beneficial stimulant and tonic, man had known for centuries, but only yesterday did he learn to combine it to the greatest advantage with his food.

COOK'S MALTO-RICE IS A PERFECT BLENDING OF MALT AND RICE.

Thoroughly cooked, ready to serve from package to dish.

EVERY PACKAGE OF MALTO-RICE IS STERILIZED.

It's pure, free from "lumps," germs, and will keep.

Ask your grocer to-day for a package of

COOK'S MALTO-RICE

15 Cents



A Happy Marriage

Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary everyday sources.

Sexology

(Illustrated)

by William H. Walling, A. M., M. D.,

imparts in a clear, wholesome way, in one volume:

- Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Father Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to His Son.
- Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
- Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
- Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
- Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

Rich Cloth Binding, Full Gold Stamp, Illustrated, \$2.00

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

Puritan Pub. Co., Dept. 133, Phila., Pa.



Save \$50 On a Typewriter

Our big annual Clearance Sale now in progress—astounding bargains to slightly used Typewriters—been operated just enough to put them in perfect running order. Better than new—shipped on approval for examination and test. Judge the quality for yourself. 450 brand new Visible Sholes Machines, built

to sell for \$60, only \$45 each. Remingtons, \$20 to \$75. Smith-Premiers, \$25 to \$75. Calligraphs, \$10 to \$60. We rent all makes \$2.00 per month.

FREE

Catalog and save big money. Write to-day. Rockwell-Barnes Co., 210 Baldwin Building, Chicago, Ill.

Be Your Own Boss!

MANY MAKE \$2,000.00 A YEAR. You have the same chance. Start a Mail Order Business at home. We tell you how. Money coming in daily. Very good profits. Everything furnished. Write at once for our "Starter" and FREE particulars. R. C. KRUEGER CO., 135 Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

Six Months Free The Investment Herald

Leading mining, financial and investment magazine containing up-to-date information on mining, oil and other money making industries. It gives latest news from the great Nevada campaign. It describes the principal companies and the best dividend paying stocks. It also describes a wonderfully successful system whereby heavy speculative profits may be quickly and easily made on a business of low investment. It will also procure for inquirers free, independent, unbiased, reliable reports on all companies. If you have made or contemplate making any investments of any kind, write for it at once without cost.

A. L. WISNER & CO., Publishers,
Dept. 10, 80 Wall Street, New York.

Reputation Counts

more in buying a piano than in purchasing anything else. You yourself can judge the qualities of an instrument when you buy, but you have to rely upon its reputation to know whether those qualities will last.

GABLER PIANOS

have been famous for over fifty years as

"The piano that will outlive a lifetime"

The reputation of the Gabler is everywhere recognized as the highest, and durability is one of its chief characteristics. Time and use only serve to improve the rare quality of the "Gabler tone."

Write and learn all about the Gabler, and how easy it is to own the best piano built.

ERNEST GABLER & BRO.

Established 1854

459 Whitlock Avenue, - Borough Bronx
New York City



STRAIGHT LEGS

Positively trim, stylish, straight line effect with our PNEUMATIC FORMS. Sent on Approval. Unseen, unfelt, inexpensive, durable. "A marvelous invention." Also, without charge, exercises to give shape, force, action to the legs. Book, proofs and chart sent free under plain letter seal.

THE ALISON CO.
Dept. 39 Buffalo, N. Y.

Souvenir Postal Cards

To introduce my Price list of 10,000 different postal cards from all points of the globe and cities of the U. S., also fancy and comic of all kinds and grades, I offer 25 different cards of the cities of New England States, printed in deep blue on fine grade of pebbled cardboard (the regular 2 for 5 variety), for only 50c. postpaid. Price-list free to all. F. O. GIBBS, Box 236, OLEAN, NEW YORK.

16 COMIC POST CARDS 10c

Postcard sets are printed; beautifully colored, at two sizes and every one a corker. 16 cards, 10c; 40 cards, 50c. Big novelty catalog free. DRAKE CARD CO., DEPT. 49, 350 VAN BUREN ST., CHICAGO.

PUZZLES Famous triple horseshoes made of polished steel, postpaid with secret solution, 10 cts. Fine pocket piece and entertainer.



WESTERN PUZZLE COMPANY, ST. PAUL, MINN.



DIAMONDS On Charge Account

We'll sell YOU at CASH PRICES. Just say what you WANT. We'll send it promptly—no expense to you. Examination welcome! If pleased—pay what you wish down. Balance, a little every month, easily. JEWELRY BOOK FREE. WRITE FOR IT TODAY!

THE WALKER-EDMUND CO.
469-103 State Street, Chicago



Plumbing & Heating Material

Sold to Consumers at Manufacturers Price

Clean—Sanitary—Odorless Newest Designs Best Appliances Finest Nickel Trimmings



We sell you these modern Bath Room outfits direct—you need not pay exorbitant profits to your plumber.

Prices for Outfits as Shown:



No. 1. \$37.50

No. 2. \$44.00

No. 3. \$55.00

No. 5. \$110.00



Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Connections easily made. Any ordinary mechanic can install with the aid of our comprehensive working plans and instructions. Ask for Book—Modern Methods of Sanitary Plumbing—containing charts, drawings, and diagrams, showing how any ordinary mechanic can install plumbing fixtures without piping joints. Also tells how to secure perfect sanitation. Price, 50c. We will send it free if you mention this Magazine.

Heating Plants for Buildings of Every Kind

We can save you from 30 to 50 per cent.

Send us sketch or diagram of your house for our estimate.

Steam and Hot Water plants of most modern construction.

We employ an efficient engineering department that will cheerfully furnish you ideas as to the correct method of heating your home or building. We guarantee sat-



MODERN HEATING APPARATUS CAN BE EASILY INSTALLED IN ANY BUILDING—WE WILL MAKE YOU PLANS AND FURNISH FULL INSTRUCTIONS

isfaction. Any one used to handling tools can install our heating plants either in a new or old building by following our complete yet simple instructions.

Write for our Book "Cold Weather Comfort." Useful information and heating guide. It tells you every phase of the heating question—also gives full and necessary information in the care of your plant. Mailed free to anyone mentioning this Magazine. Price to others, \$25c. Ask also for our general 500-page Catalogue, No. A. E. 405, on merchandise, for the Home, the Field and the Workshop.

CHICAGO HOUSE WRECKING CO.

35TH AND IRON STREETS. CHICAGO.



SHAVE HALF

your face with a RAZAC, the new ready razor, then try the other half with your old safety, or any other razor. You'll go back to the RAZAC and stick to it.

A clean, cool shave, no matter how tough and wiry the beard. No stopping, no honing. Practically no trouble at all. We send the RAZAC anywhere for \$1.50. Try it thirty days and if for any reason you are willing to part with it, send it back and we will refund the money. Whatever you do send your name at once for our free book **THE FACE OF THE WELL-GROOMED MAN**—chapters on: How to Shave, Care of the Skin, Simple Massage, Why the Barber Makes Wrinkles.

HAYGOODS SALES CO., 121-105 Broadway, N. Y.

REVERSIBLE Linene Collars and Cuffs



Have You Worn Them?

Not "celluloid"—not "paper collars"—but made of fine cloth, exactly resemble fashionable linen goods. Price at stores, 25 cents for box of ten, (2½ cents each.)

No Washing or Ironing

When soiled discard. By mail 10 collars or 5 pairs, each for 20 cents. Sample collar or pair cuffs for 6 cents in U. S. stamps. Give name and style.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., Dept. O, Boston, Mass.

Pabst Extract The Best Tonic



For the Convalescent

At no time during a severe sickness is the patient's vitality at so low an ebb as in commencing convalescence. It is then the system must be repaired by building up the wasted tissues and sending rich, red blood through the veins. The crisis is over, but there is still danger of a relapse. Nothing will do more to prevent sinking back into disease and fever than

Pabst Extract The Best Tonic

combining as it does the nutritive and digestive elements of pure, rich barley malt, with the quieting and tonic effects of the choicest hops. The system easily and thoroughly assimilates the nourishment offered in this predigested form. The patient is assured peaceful rest and refreshing sleep. At the same time, the appetite is stimulated, causing a desire for, and making possible the digestion of heavier foods, after which the road to recovery is short.

Pabst Extract The Best Tonic

strengthens the weak, builds up the run down, cheers the depressed. It will nourish your nerves, enrich your blood and invigorate your muscles. It gives sleep to the sleepless, relieves dyspepsia and is a boon to nursing mothers.

25c at all Druggists
Insist upon the original

Guaranteed under the
National Pure Food Law,
U. S. Serial No. 1921.

Booklet and picture
entitled "Baby's First
Adventure" sent
free on request.

Pabst Extract Dept. 37
Milwaukee, Wis.



There's Solid Comfort

in having a clear brain and
a continuous round of good
health.

If you don't know what
this means, try leaving off
coffee 10 days, and use
well-made

POSTUM

"There's a Reason"

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

GENTLEMEN
WHO DRESS FOR STYLE
NEATNESS, AND COMFORT
WEAR THE IMPROVED

BOSTON GARTER

THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD
The Name is
stamped on every
loop—

The
Velvet Grip
CUSHION
BUTTON
CLASP

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER
SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

Sample pair, \$11.50c., Cotton 25c.
Made on receipt of price.

GEO. FROSTCO, Makers
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

ALWAYS EASY



REACH FOR GREATNESS

The highest things of
life are within the reach
of all who are wisely
provided with **RUBIFOAM**
and a brush. This cleansing
antiseptic dentifrice insures
sound, beautiful teeth and
fragrant breath. This means
health, purity, refinement;
essential qualities for success.

RUBIFOAM

is always a lift toward
better living

25 CENTS EVERYWHERE

Address: E.W. HOYT & CO., Lowell, Mass.

